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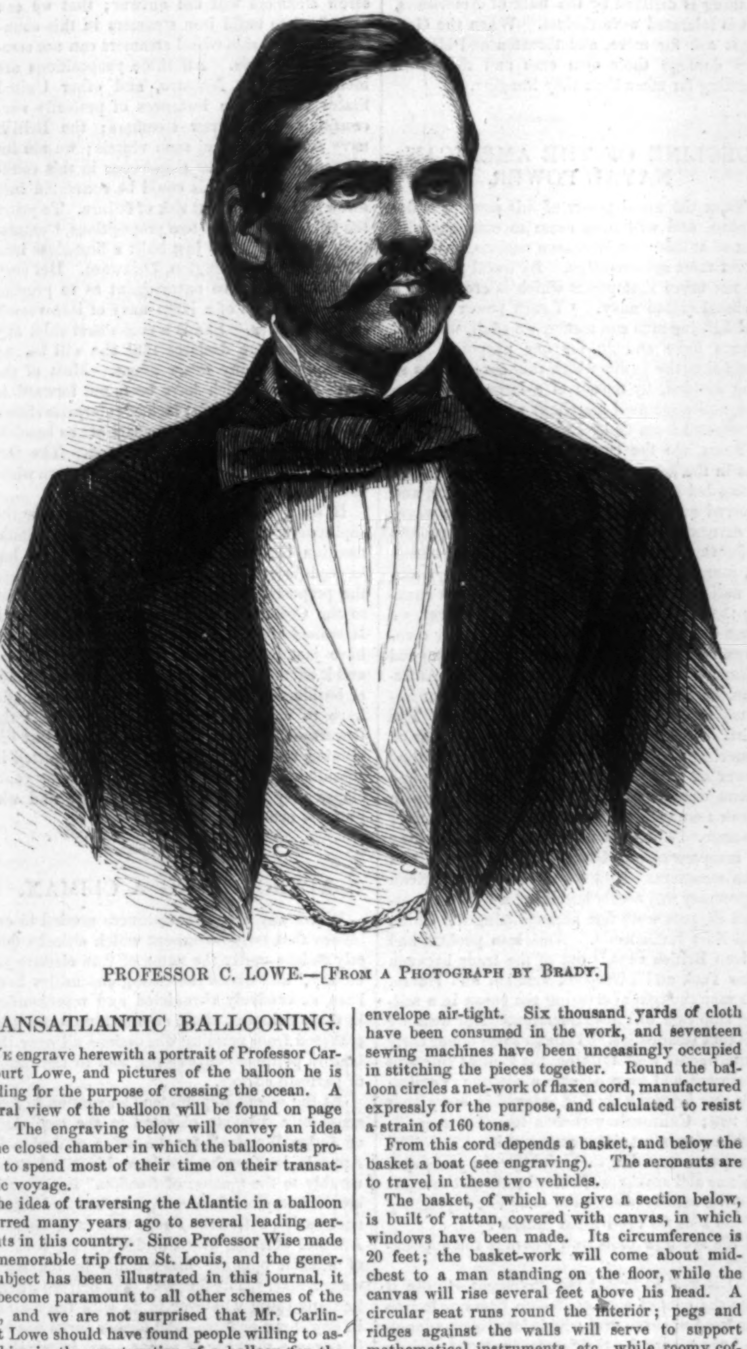


PROFESSOR C. LOWE.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

TRANSATLANTIC BALLOONING.

WE engrave herewith a portrait of Professor Carlincourt Lowe, and pictures of the balloon he is building for the purpose of crossing the ocean. A general view of the balloon will be found on page 612. The engraving below will convey an idea of the closed chamber in which the balloonists propose to spend most of their time on their transatlantic voyage.

The idea of traversing the Atlantic in a balloon occurred many years ago to several leading aeronauts in this country. Since Professor Wise made his memorable trip from St. Louis, and the general subject has been illustrated in this journal, it has become paramount to all other schemes of the kind, and we are not surprised that Mr. Carlincourt Lowe should have found people willing to assist him in the construction of a balloon for the purpose of making the great attempt.

The chief difficulty in the way of crossing the ocean with a balloon arises from the gradual exhaustion of its buoyant power. No balloon in existence, it is supposed, could retain its buoyancy for more than two or three days—too short a time, of course, to attempt a voyage of 3000 miles. But as the buoyant power is in exact proportion to the quantity of gas inclosed in the balloon, it would seem to follow that by increasing the latter the former would be multiplied; in other words, the larger the balloon the longer it will float in air. Acting on this theory, Mr. Lowe has built a balloon considerably larger than the largest ever built hitherto. The *Atlantic*, the largest existing balloon, and the one in which Professor Wise and his friends made the famous St. Louis voyage, is 60 feet in diameter. The following are the dimensions of the *City of New York*, Mr. Lowe's new balloon:

Greatest diameter	feet	130
Transverse diameter	"	104
Height, from valve to boat	"	200
Weight, with outfit	tons	3¼
Lifting power (aggregate)	"	22¼
Capacity of gas envelope	cubic feet	725,000

The material of which the balloon is constructed is twilled cloth, oiled, and covered with three coats of a peculiar kind of varnish, manufactured by Mr. Lowe, and calculated to render the balloon envelope air-tight. Six thousand yards of cloth have been consumed in the work, and seventeen sewing machines have been unceasingly occupied in stitching the pieces together. Round the balloon circles a net-work of flaxen cord, manufactured expressly for the purpose, and calculated to resist a strain of 160 tons.

From this cord depends a basket, and below the basket a boat (see engraving). The aeronauts are to travel in these two vehicles.

The basket, of which we give a section below, is built of rattan, covered with canvas, in which windows have been made. Its circumference is 20 feet; the basket-work will come about mid-chest to a man standing on the floor, while the canvas will rise several feet above his head. A circular seat runs round the interior; pegs and ridges against the walls will serve to support mathematical instruments, etc., while roomy coffers will contain provisions. The basket will contain a table and a stove. This stove is a new invention, which is intended to generate heat without the use of fuel, lime being substituted for coal or wood. It is 2 feet square and 1½ feet high, and is provided with an apparatus for cooking. It was presented to the aeronauts by Mr. O. A. Gager. In the centre of the floor of the basket is a small hole or trap-door, through which, by a rope-ladder, aeronauts will communicate with the boat.

The latter will be a Francis life-boat, 30 feet long, 7 feet beam, and 4 feet deep; it will be supplied with an India-rubber covering for a deck, under which the navigators can seek shelter from the seas in case they have to take to the boat. It will be provided with an Ericsson caloric engine of four horse-power, which, being fed with fine coal and alcohol, will be capable of propelling the boat through the water at a fair rate of speed. It may be remarked here that the kindling of fires in vehicles attached to balloons is something new in aeronautic science. The danger of fire communicating to the gas and causing an explosion, or consuming the balloon, has always deterred aeronauts from using fire in any shape in their adventurous voyages. Mr. Lowe once lit a candle in a balloon, and kept it lighted without any flickering of the flame while the balloon was traveling at the rate of 100 miles an hour through the air; but, generally speaking, aeronauts are shocked at the bare idea of a match. Mr. Lowe believes that in the *City of New York* the stove may be kept alight and the engine heated without danger.

The queer-looking appendages to the boat, which will be seen in the engraving on page 612, are, first, a rudder, which is merely a thin strip of wood about eight feet long, and three feet wide at its widest extremity; and second, a propeller-wheel, eight feet in diameter, to act on the atmosphere in raising or depressing the course of the balloon. The aeronauts take with them, in case of accident, another similar wheel, of smaller size, being only four feet in diameter.

The boat will be ballasted with provisions and water, of which enough will be taken for ten persons for six months. The provisions will be selected with care, so as to obtain the largest amount of nutriment in the least space and with the least weight. We believe the aeronauts are of opinion that the prohibitory law does not cover the regions which they are to traverse, and that some wines will be added to their stores.

Other articles which will be contained in the boat are two copper buoys, each six feet in diameter, which will be used for the double purpose of condensers and drags when the boat sails near the surface of the water. These buoys will enable the navigators to add or reduce the ascending power of the balloon without discharging ballast or parting with gas. Another contrivance, in shape like a ship's log, will be used for checking the speed of the balloon by throwing it overboard, fastened to a stout cord, and letting it rest on the surface of the water. The cords to this and the copper buoys will be each 2000 feet long.

In case it should be necessary to cut the balloon away, and take to the boat, the latter will at need be moored to a marine anchor 100 pounds in weight, attached to the boat by a rope 100 feet long and 4 inches in circumference; but it is hoped that this will not be required. As for air anchors, the balloon carries three grapnels of various sizes, and a number of hooks all of spring steel: and for the use of these it is provided with half a mile of rope of various thicknesses from one to 3½ inches in circumference.

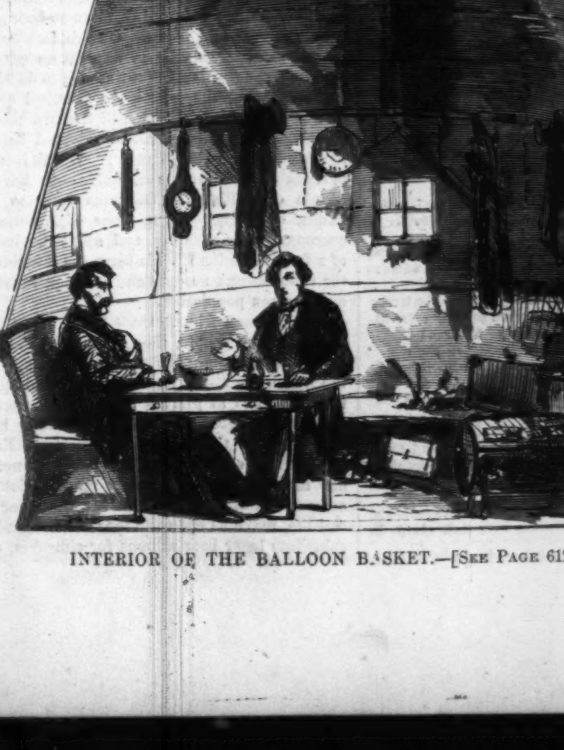
A novel contrivance will be used to test the various currents of air. This will be nothing more than a long cord, say a mile and a half in length, with a leaden weight at the end, and flags distributed along its length. This line will be kept out from the time the balloon starts; a careful inspection of the flags with a glass will enable the aeronauts to ascertain the direction of the various air currents beneath them, so that, in case they happen to be in an unfavorable current, they can, with the guidance of the barometer, descend to a more suitable air stratum. This will prove a most useful contrivance.

For the purpose of accosting ships or towns as they are passed, the balloon will take one hundred small parachutes, made of silk, and one hundred India-rubber bags, to contain letters and papers. One of these will be dropped over each town, or near each large ship that the balloon passes in the ocean.

Every kind of mathematical instrument used by aeronauts will of course be taken. There will be two large mercury barometers and one aneroid barometer, several thermometers, a large number of telescopes, including one presented by S. W. Chattuck of Utica, New York, two marine and several smaller compasses, etc., etc. As several members of the expedition will be scientific men, it may be assumed that the cause of science will be duly cared for.

In the event of any accident happening to the balloon, the voyagers expect to take to the boats, and make the best of their way to land. They have, besides the caloric engine, masts and sails which will enable them to make their way to any point they desire to reach; the boat being a Francis life-boat, is calculated to ride safely through any sea; and as we stated, a large proportion of the provisions and water will be permanently fastened in her bottom, in air-tight vessels, to serve as ballast. She carries on board of her a folded life-boat, made of India rubber, with water-tight compartments, which, in case of extreme emergency, might prove of service.

All that is known of the region into which the daring navigators of the *City of New York* are about to travel is that there is an air current, blowing steadily, at a certain elevation, from west to east. The travelers will of course make it their business to gain this current and avail themselves of it. Should they gain it on starting, and keep it throughout their voyage, they would find them-



INTERIOR OF THE BALLOON BASKET.—[SEE PAGE 612.]

selves in Spain in the course of three days. Should the current deflect, or should they be driven out of their course by accident, they might land either in Great Britain or France on the north, or in Spain, Portugal, or Africa on the south. To provide for all emergencies, they propose to provide themselves with passports for all the leading nations of Europe, so that, should they reach Europe, they may experience no difficulty in prosecuting their journey after they reach the earth. The flags on the balloon evidence the cosmopolitan feelings of the aeronauts.

Passports, however, would be of little assistance should they be forced to land on the coast of Africa. This contingency is, in fact, the prime danger of the expedition. There are many parts of the eastern coast of Africa which are entirely desert, and on which the aeronauts would have some difficulty in obtaining supplies of any kind, or a conveyance to a civilized land. To provide against this contingency, Mr. Lowe has laid in a store of Roman candles and rockets, with which to signal any passing vessel for aid in case the *City of New York* makes the coast of Africa.

It is understood that from seven to ten passengers will be taken, including two or three scientific seamen, a scientific landsman, a member of Congress from New England, whose name is yet a secret, a New York editor, and one or two others. Each of these persons will be prepared in his way to contribute his share toward the success of the experiment. Each will be allowed to take a certain amount of clothing, etc.; and each will be provided with an India-rubber life-preserving suit, which may be worn as a protection against the cold as well as a safeguard against drowning in case of accident.

Ample precautions will be taken to provide the world with a record of the enterprise. We have mentioned the parachutes and mail-bags. One hundred copies of the leading daily papers of New York, and two hundred copies of *Harper's Weekly*, will be taken to sea by the aeronauts, and one copy of each, with a record of the log to date, will be dropped as near as possible to each vessel over which the balloon passes. Besides this, a number of carrier doves will be taken out, and loosed from time to time, with accounts of the expedition round their necks.

We have now, we think, stated all that the public will at present desire to know with regard to the expedition. It only remains to add that its projector, Mr. Carlincourt Lowe, is a young man of twenty-seven years of age, who was born at Jefferson, New Hampshire, in the year 1832. He went to Boston to study chemistry at the age of fourteen, and speedily evinced a decided propensity for air-voyaging. In 1853 he made his first ascent, since when he has made thirty-six successful ascents in balloons. About a year ago he formed the project of a transatlantic balloon voyage; accident has delayed the realization of the scheme till the present time.

The *City of New York* will be exhibited in some public place in New York before it starts. The Crystal Palace grounds would be a good place for such an exhibition. We trust that the show may not prove the most practical part of the enterprise.

OLD NEWS.

Oh! grandfather, grandfather, listen to me,
The most wonderful news has come over the sea,
The most glorious news of the battles afar,
Where a million of men have been armed for the war.
From the field of Magenta the Austrians fled,
And a score of their thousands were left with the dead.
O'er the slopes of Palestro the conquerors bore
The eagles of France through a torrent of gore;
And the Austrian legions were swept in the gale,
As the husk is struck off by a blow of the flail.

Oh! grandfather, grandfather, read the great news,
It will tell you the chances for glory you lose;
It will tell of the joy for the victories won,
And the shouts of the nations for deeds that were done.
Dear grandfather, why don't you hurry away,
With your bright-bladed sword to the midst of the fray—
That bright-bladed sword which you said, in my hand,
Should some day strike blows for my own native land?
Oh! grandfather, what a great thing it would be
Could we both but have been in those fights over sea!

There were flashes of light in the grandfather's eyes,
And a chuckle, that mingled itself with his sighs,
As he shook his white head, with a half-smothered groan,
And knocked out his pipe on the brown lintel stone.
Ah! boy, it is one thing to strike for our lives,
For the land that we live in, our children and wives,
And another to battle with halters in sight,
Unknowing the quarrels that drive us to fight.
To cut and to slash at a despot's command
Is not fighting, my boy, for your own native land.

The echo that comes from the boom of the gun
Is lost in the shouts when the battle is done,
But the groans of the wounded and shrieks of the slain
Will be heard in the echoes again and again;
They will sound in the hearts, and be answered with tears,
When the field where they fell is grown over with years.
The news of a fight is like fresh-opened wine,
You must quench all your thirst while its bubbles still
  shine;
You must drink while the perfume is fresh on the breath,
For the dregs are a mixture of sorrow and death.

I fought, my brave boy, when to skulk were a shame
That could never be wiped from the line of a name;
I fought when refusal so blackened the youth
That his grandchild still blushes when told of the truth;
When the white hair of age marched proudly between
The iron-limbed man and the boy of fourteen;
When the crack of our rifles on Lexington plain
Was echoed, and echoed, and echoed again.
There were echoes, my boy, from the hills to the sea,
In the hearts of a million who longed to be free.

With us there was nothing of glitter and gold—
There was squalor and rags, and starvation and cold;
There were barefooted men, who were tracked by their
  blood
On the stone-jagged road or the icy-bridged flood;
There were men who had sworn by their foe-ravaged lands,
By their blood-darkened hearths, with their swords in
  their hands,
Who had sworn that their kindred should see them no
  more
Till the land should be free from the curse that it bore.
Those were times when the battle-field, gory and red,
Bloomed with flowers perpetual over the dead.

The news of these battles will never grow old—
They grow by the telling, a thousand times told;
But of fights that are fought for glory alone,
Ere the fighting is over the glory is flown.
It is dimmed on the crests of the conquering hosts
By the pale bloody hands of a legion of ghosts;
It is washed from the blades of victorious chiefs
By the heart-sweating tears of a million of griefs.
Yes! even, my boy, from the head of a King,
It is trampled and crushed like a valueless thing.

When the battle is over the scarlet and gold
Shall speedily rot in the blood-nurtured mould;
The steed and his rider shall stay where they fall,
And the stout idle worm shall be master of all;
The rains shall wash down all the proud clotted gore,
And the winds bear away the last shreds of the war.
Yet, unless they have stricken for freedom and right,
The wails of the dying shall fade on the night;
But if God shall be with them their hearts shall be bold,
And the news of their battle shall never grow old.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1859.

THE FOREIGN MOVEMENT ON THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

WE entertain the highest respect for our foreign-born citizens, especially the Germans. We believe that many of the most useful citizens of the United States are of German birth. Every one who has enjoyed opportunities of observing must be aware that in our large cities a large proportion of the most industrious, thrifty, energetic, enlightened, and successful men are Germans by birth. We have always taken pleasure in bearing testimony to the fact. When Mr. Cass attempted, a few months ago, to discriminate invidiously against German-born citizens, and to deny them the rights to which they were entitled, we fought their battle, and fought it with earnestness until it was won.

We think, therefore, that we are entitled to say to our fellow-citizens of German birth that their late proceedings, in reference to the observance of Sunday, are very ill-judged, and are calculated to do themselves and their cause no little harm. In all kindness we would warn them against the dangers of the path they are treading.

It is not our purpose to enter into a discussion of the Sabbatarian question, as it is called. On that question opinions differ, and between those opinions it is not now necessary that we should pronounce. Suffice it to say, that in Germany Sunday is kept in one way, and in the United States in another; and that the present effort of the Germans in New York and some other cities is to have our method of keeping Sunday done away with, and their method adopted in its stead. That effort can not but be fruitful of great mischief to those who make it, and fruitful of strength to the extreme party on the opposite side: for the simple reason that even the most liberal Americans—those, for instance, who would have the country engage in a war for the protection of any naturalized citizen—are not prepared to concede to any class of naturalized foreigners the exclusive regulation of our social life, or to adopt their habits to the exclusion of our own.

We repeat that we do not design to argue the Sunday question. We merely note the fact that, throughout this country, an immense majority of the people have always been trained to regard Sunday as a day of rest, of religious exercise, and of abstinence from labor and public diversions of every kind. Whether this be right or wrong is not the question; all that we claim is, that it is the fact. On the other hand, natives of Continental Europe—whether Protestants or Catholics, it matters not—invariably regard Sunday as a day of pleasure, recreation, and enjoyment; a day to be spent in the country, under green trees or by pleasant streams; a day to go to the theatre with one's family; a day to take one's wife and children to beer gardens, concerts, and shows. On this fashion, as on the other, we desire to express no critical opinion; the fact is all that we have to do with.

These being the points, the practical question to be decided is, which of the two modes of observing Sunday shall be adopted here—the American or the German? Which is most practicable and most reasonable—to have a couple of millions of Germans defer to our habits, or twenty-five millions of Americans overcome their scruples, and adopt the habits of a foreign nation? We leave the decision to the sober second thought and common sense of our German population.

Our German friends must never forget that the American people, though more liberal and generous to foreigners than any other nation in the world, are still a jealous people, and apt to take umbrage at glaring attempts to interfere with their independence. We would have fought rather than surrender Christian Ernst to the King of Hanover; but this does not by any means imply that we are ready to let the compatriots of Christian Ernst regulate our social life, make us open the theatres on Sunday, substitute lager beer saloons for churches, and turn New York into a German town. And when a few Germans, Frenchmen, and Irishmen meet in a public place, and utter silly speeches about their rights (meaning their right to annoy us), and threaten to resist the execution of laws which are indisputably in accordance with the sentiment of ninety-nine-hundredths of our people, we are bound to say that the necessary effect of such foolish demonstrations must be to damage the general standing of the foreign population, and to strengthen the native prejudice which was so menacing a short while since. The Germans may take our word for it that nothing can be gained, and much may be lost, by such proceedings as this. The hair-brained demagogues who speak at their meetings and pretend to represent American sentiment, are eschewed by the respectable portion of the community. Men of intelligence do not believe that the Germans are aggrieved by our Sunday laws. Nothing prevents their going to the country on Sunday and drinking lager beer, and giving and going to concerts or shows among their own people. All this sort of thing is disliked by the bulk of Americans, but is tolerated nevertheless. When the Germans ask for more, and threaten and bluster, they damage their own case and their own standing far more than they imagine.

DECLINE OF THE AMERICAN NAVAL POWER.

THAT the naval power of this country is declining, and will soon cease to compare with that of at least two European nations, every observer must acknowledge. By naval power we do not mean that power which is created by a national armed navy. Of such power as guns and fighting men can confer, we shall, we trust, always have enough for our purposes. We mean that the power which this country has so long wielded, by reason of a large, well-built, and well-appointed merchant navy, is about to be wrested from us by Europe.

Years ago the carrying trade of the world was in the hands of Great Britain. Her ships succeeded to those of Holland and Venice, and covered every sea. Britannia ruled the waves in earnest—not so much by the vulgar process of fighting foreign vessels, but by carrying cheaper, more safely, and more swiftly than any other nation. The war of 1812 taught this country the great lesson that, to be independent, we must have a great merchant navy of our own. Even before the Revolution there had been good seamen bred and good ships built in "the American colonies;" the second war gave a great impetus to ship-building and navigation. The spirit of enterprise and the inventive genius of Americans still further developed the maritime power of this country. In 1840 the United States were barely second to Great Britain in ocean tonnage: they surpassed Europe in river tonnage. Then, as now, Europe had nothing to compare to our Hudson or Mississippi and lake steamers. And on the ocean, American supremacy was nearly becoming a fact. American clippers were fast monopolizing the China and East India trade. American packets had driven British vessels out of the trade between New York and Liverpool, London and Havre. No man thought of crossing the ocean in a sailing ship that was not American. Nor were we without steamships. Though some of our early experiments were failures, the Collins line was projected and soon became a reality; Vanderbilt was bringing forth a steamship every year or two; California was soon to call a magnificent steam fleet into active existence. The prospect was so fair that, eight or ten years ago, writers and speakers of the soberest cast thought it quite safe to predict the complete supremacy of the seas for the United States.

We are now 1859, and where is the supremacy?

It is well to repeat the statement—to din it into the ears of our people—to hammer it into the head of every man who is intelligent enough to have a care for the future—THE EMPIRE OF THE SEAS IS PASSING OUT OF OUR HANDS INTO THOSE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Screw steamers have, for the time at all events, reduced the United States to a very second-rate station among maritime countries. The great Atlantic trade is being monopolized by Europeans. The free cities of Germany are establishing lines of steamers to New York; France has lines; England has a dozen lines; all these nations are as busy as they can be in launching new steamers; the United States have but four steamers which ply to Europe, and of these, two are laid up every winter. Our sailing ships, which formerly sailed once and twice a week, to and from Liverpool, London, Havre, and Bremen, can not procure cargoes and are ruining their owners. Our China clippers are only waiting for the success of the *Great Eastern* to become equally useless and equally ruinous. In two or three years, at the present rate of progress, it will be a saving to break up three-fourths of our sailing vessels, sell them for old lumber, and resign the carrying trade of the world into other hands.

It has been said that our ships can never lack employment so long as there remain bulky and non-perishable articles, such as cotton and flour, to be transported across sea. Steamers, it has been urged, can not compete with sailing craft for such freights. Let the shipbrokers answer, and they will tell you that though of course a steamer could not load with cotton as cheap as a sailing packet, still every steamship will, when she has taken all the freight offering, fill up with any thing she can get—even cotton bales or wheat; and that thus the market is "spoilt" for the sailers.

In a few days our people will be flocking by the thousands to Portland to see the *Great Eastern*. How few will realize, when they see her, that they are gazing on the instrument that is destined to complete the ruin of the American merchant navy! Yet it is so. If she succeeds in making the passage from London to Calcutta in thirty-three days, as is expected, our China clippers will find it pretty difficult to get cargoes afterward.

The problem—why the ship-builders of the United States have not kept pace with those of Great Britain in building steamers—can not be readily solved. It is often said that wooden screw steamers will not answer; that we can not afford to build iron steamers in this country; and that side-wheel steamers can not compete with screws. All three propositions are incorrect. The *Niagara*, and other United States vessels, are instances of perfectly successful wooden screw steamers; the British navy contains several such vessels; we are informed by the largest ship-owner in this country that all his vessels could be converted into screw steamers without risk of failure. To prove the fallacy of the last two propositions, Commodore Vanderbilt has just built a first-class iron steamship at Wilmington, Delaware. Her cost, he states, is not so extravagant as to prevent the construction of a large navy of iron vessels in this country. She is a side-wheel ship, and the Commodore declares that she will be run as cheaply as any screw afloat. Most of the other reasons which have been put forward to account for the singular lack of enterprise shown by our ship-builders of late years are as baseless as the three we have enumerated. The fact only remains—that we are dropping astern while Europe is going ahead.

If we were forced to assign a cause for the supineness of American builders we should mention Government subsidies. Nothing has injured American steamship-building more than the preposterous gratuity that used to be paid to the Collins steamers by order of Congress. It ruined the Collins line, the ships of which have just been sold for one-third their cost; and it effectually checked the tendencies of other builders to construct steamers which might have to compete at disadvantage with "the Government pets." The English are just beginning to see the mistake they committed in subsidizing the Cunard line; before many years elapse they will abandon the policy, and will promote competition.

APPROACHING A CLIMAX.

WERE any new circumstances needed to evidence that misgovernment which citizens quietly endure under the name of "an elective judiciary," and whose increasing enormities have been successively chronicled and reprehended in these columns, those circumstances could be gathered from pending discussions all over the land in political conventions, and in the rooms of partisan editors.

At the recent Republican Convention in Syracuse one delegate objected to the candidacy of Judge Woodruff for the office of Judge in Appeals, because he had been identified unfavorably to the "cause of freedom" in the celebrated Lemmon slave case, which would come, necessarily, before the Judge then to be chosen. Another delegate urged Judge Davies, because of alleged opposite antecedents in the same controversy. The fact was that neither Judge had any thing whatever to do with the action, in any shape or form—the former jurist not being even a member of either court in which it was adjudicated! A third delegate "laid Judge Diven on the table" for the same office, because *he* had decided in favor of the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law. A city newspaper, commenting on the final nomination, intimated that it was due to a private decision rendered in favor of two parties who were leading delegates to the convention of nomination! Another city newspaper is attacking Judge Roosevelt's renomination on various grounds of dissatisfaction with his decisions—the real motive probably being that its editor was once tried before him for a felony, and unfavorably commented upon! Some politicians of the Baltimore order are understood to be intriguing against the renomination of that accomplished scholar and pure man, Judge Daly, because he nonsuited "one of their kidney" in the suit for damages against the California Vigilance Committee for expatriating him. A leading partisan was last week heard to say that another incumbent "would be thrown," because he had refused to pay his party assessment. When a recent extra compensation was voted to judges by the New York Board of Supervisors, the lobby knowingly mentioned the portions which would have to be subscribed for party purposes.

For the past year New Jersey has been without a Chancery Court, and no mortgages could be foreclosed, because the politicians had quarreled to a drawn game as to who the partisan incumbents should be.

From these instances—and they are merely selections—it will be seen that the most indelicate considerations affecting the fidelity and impartiality of our judges are now openly and publicly debated. Hitherto they were only enunciated discreetly in the private caucus or the charmed circle of "slate-writers." No one believes for an instant that the gentlemen-jurists thus speculated about are cognizant of or parties to these arguments *pro* and *con*. But it is impossible to refrain from the fear that the time is not distant, in the downward rush of the "elective affinities" regarding our judges, when "to this complexion it must come at last," and judges be found urging their claims from their very leanings as lawyers or from the bench. Let not the public despise a moral or neglect a remedy when a conservative press redoubles its warnings of an approaching climax of evil.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN LIVING.

SOME people wonder why, notwithstanding the general industry and money-making capacity of our people, commercial revulsions should occur so frequently among us. We can point to one reason—extravagance in living. People in New York, as well as in other American cities, spend more on their houses, on their dress, on their eating, and on objects of luxury than the people of any foreign city. The following paragraph, which we take from a city paper, will illustrate the fact:

> "THE WEALTH OF ORMUS AND OF IND."—Some idea of this suggestive and Aladdin-like line may be formed by examining a small show-case, now on exhibition at Tiffany & Co.'s, in which is grouped, on an area of less than thirty inches square, a collection of gorgeous diamond jewelry, forming an outfit for a lady, valued at $78,600. A pin, formed of a single white diamond, is valued at $5000; one necklace, of large diamonds, $9000; two small ones, $6000 each; two parasols, $75 each.

This lady will thus consume the interest of $78,600, or $5600 every year, in the mere pride of owning, and pleasure of looking at, jewels.

CORRECTION.

MESSRS. STURGES, BUCKINGHAM, & Co., of Chicago, wish to have it stated that their warehouses do not contain 225,000 bushels each, as stated in a recent number of the *Weekly;* the utmost ever received in one house was 90,000 bushels; but 100,000 could be received, and 40,000 or 60,000 shipped in a day.

THE LOUNGER.

LEIGH HUNT.

LEIGH HUNT is gone at last. He was an old man in years; but he was a fresh, fanciful, warm, and gushing boy to the end. He was the special friend of Shelley and Keats, too, and belongs by sympathy to the modern men, although he was in fact four years older than Lord Byron.

Leigh Hunt could no more be spared from a feast of late English literature than luscious fruit from a good dinner. He loved all things bright and genial and beautiful. His fancy alighted upon the raciest, sweetest topics, like a bee upon a vine, or a butterfly on the clover. He talked of authors as a boy of his sweet-hearts, and his "Indicator" and "Companion" are by far the best essays since Addison's, with the sole exception of Goldsmith's. His mind was peculiarly English, with a strong Italian flavor. The traditions of "the town," meaning London, were not less dear to him than the pastoral charms of Aminta or the fairy realm of Spenser. There is a kindly glimmer of the eye, as it were, a warm, genial half-smile and nudging of the elbow in all his writings, which create that personality of interest in him which is quite a sure index of genius.

He was a professional author, and one of the most copious and universally agreeable. Often enough he was a hack, but the strain seldom shows. He was just the man to write an autobiography, for he had the very genius of gossip, and had seen and known many famous people. His autobiography is, therefore, very entertaining.* When Wordsworth died there was talk of making Hunt Laureate. He was made for it, by nature. He delighted like a boy in associations, in occasions, in the magnifying and magnificence that belong to such a post. He would have been inspired by every single drop of the bright perquisite of the office Besides, George Fourth sent him to jail for calling him a fat Adonis of fifty; so that Victoria might most graciously have appointed him to sing her praises, officially. He did not get that Laurel; but his last years were eased by a pension of £100. It was not much—but it was much for him. He had a thousand dollars clear, without scribbling for it.

Leigh Hunt was always an independent thinker, and a liberal in politics and religion. He had plenty of manly stuff in him, although he was so much and so long a boy. With him goes the last of that great company who have made the last half-century of English literature famous. He was not the greatest of them, for only one can be greatest. But in all that splendid society there was no truer-hearted, softer-souled, genial, affectionate, and beloved man than he whose grave is fresh in these bright September days, and who has written three of the best sonnets in the language: that to the Grasshopper, to the Nile, and Abou Ben Adhem. The last, if it may be called a sonnet, is one of the most perfect of poems:

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'

"The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

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RAILROAD MANNERS.

SINCE railroad morals are beyond hope of improvement—for the Grand Jury at Troy have refused to indict the Company whose criminal ignorance or negligence occasioned the slaughter of innocent men and women at the Schaghticoke bridge—what can be done about railroad manners? Couldn't it be so arranged that a man's luggage should be safe so long as he is? Or is a division of guilt imperative; and, since the directors and superintendent undertake to keep bridges rotten, must the baggage-masters be intrusted with the destruction of luggage?

That is the latest railroad amenity. Professor Howard Crosby, in a note recently written to a morning paper, has the good sense to do what ought to have been done long ago. He publicly, under his own name, calls the attention of the directors to the conduct of their servants. It seems that the baggage-master at Hudson ruined Mr. Crosby's trunks, and insulted him into the bargain.

Oh that the baggage-master at Hudson were a *rara avis!*—were, in fact, the only bird of his kind. But trunk after trunk departs, who hath not lost a trunk? Who has not seen his luggage banged, battered, slung, jammed, smashed, and utterly destroyed at railroad stations? Why the railroad porter should have such a special spite against the details of his business is difficult to say. If the porter of a merchant should treat his boxes of goods as the railroad porter treats his trunks, he would be speedily released from employment.

If every man who suffers in this way would complain to the directors, and inform the public through the papers, and if every one who loses a trunk, or has it ruined, would take the trouble to sue the Company—why, if it were carefully stated not to be a human trunk that was destroyed—that it was not a case of loss of life but of linen—perhaps something might be done—some damages allowed—the Company knowing perfectly well that they would presently tumble the seditious traveler through a rotten bridge—not give the least apology or damages—and so be square with him.

◆

NEW HOLIDAYS.

THAT the Americans had no holidays was long a bitter reproach to us. That we were a sad, eager, sharp people was always said, with a force that the face at the next corner was sure to emphasize. We went abroad, and in France, in Germany, in Italy, every where, we saw the capacity of amusement, and were obliged to confess that, if the people were poor and wisely kept ignorant by their "paternal" governments, yet they had their hours of leisure—their hearty enjoyments—their *cafés*—gardens—music—parks. The "paternal" governments understood that secret very well.

The American is individually a great deal more conceited than the native of any other country. He has a nervous self-consciousness. If he can not do the best, he will do nothing. The rule of a society which would get the most music out of its powers must be, of course, individual contribution. If a man can't do every thing, let him do what he can. If he can't sing up to f. alt., let him sing up as high as he can. If he can't make witty answers in those terrible games that require witty answers, let him be as clever as he can. Nothing is so maudlin and imbecile as to decline, particularly upon the plea that it is a childish business. All play and fun are childish business, if you come to that, and the only pity is that men are not so wise as children; for if they were, they would have a great deal more fun, and, consequently, a great deal more faith. The objection to the old saints is their solemnity. Why so sad about it? Faith and fun, gayety and goodness—they are celestial twins.

Fortunately we are getting rid of the bad name of over-sobriety. We are creating festivals which are as reasonable and pleasant as can be; for we are celebrating the birthdays of towns and cities and villages—none of them being so old that we may not tell over, easily, all the sweet traditions of their beginnings, so as to help that tremendous fellow, the "future historian."

In early June the lovely town of Hadley, in the elbow of the Connecticut—a town which is a long, broad, silent green common, flanked with ranges of the noblest elms from river bank to river bank, and which seems to have fallen into a sleep so dead that you half look to see the stealthy savages of which it is dreaming stealing along the shadows—old Hadley opened its eyes and blessed its children, who came hurrying back from every quarter of the land to sit under the elms again and dream a little with the dreaming river.

Newport, too, the salt old town, which looks in August as if it had no population but strangers, suddenly overflowed in the midst of the season with such a vast and jubilant assembly of its own sons and daughters that the wondering strangers were outnumbered, as fresh-water island ponds might have been submerged by the swelling in of the ocean that sparkles around that low line of lovely shore. Dear old Newport! who that has stood in bright September days upon the solitary gray rocks between the spouting Horn and Bateman's but would gladly stand there again in these very September days that are passing, and watch the white sails glittering on the blue horizon and flickering away toward the Bermudas and the Gulf?

And lately, Norwich, one of the most picturesque of New England towns, has spread its ample tent, and its hospitable tables, garnished with the flowers and fruit that its spacious and beautiful gardens supply, and has sat down to the feast of memory, and to the contemplation of the famous family into which it has increased and multiplied.

In all these local reminiscences, extending over about two centuries, how little stain there is upon the historic page! Individual men and women have been of the average selfishness, doubtless, and the politicians of an hour have been no more or less honest than those of other hours; but a permanent general peace—a constantly increasing prosperity—a general content and intelligent progress—these are the material of the grateful song and the eloquent discourse of commemoration. The Indian struggles—the Revolution—the infrequent soldier of 1812—these are the military events. And these are not tarnished by local ambition or civil slaughter.

These are things to be joyfully remembered, and no feasts could be fairer than those which commemorate them. And the stories of the various towns all illustrate a peculiarly American truth. The municipality is the germ of the democratic principle. It is the type of the decentralizing tendency, and the municipal celebrations are silently eloquent with the historic truth that the universal prosperity which they praise is the legitimate and necessary result of free, popular institutions.

◆

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

MR. MILBURN, a well-known Methodist clergyman, both blind and eloquent, has recently published some chapters of the story of his own life. The charm of the book is its racy Americanism. The indomitable heroism of the author's own career, the circumstances of that career, and the way in which they are related, are all peculiarly American. It gives the reader, also, very significant glimpses into the life of a Methodist clergyman; and is peculiarly valuable for its sketches of pioneer preaching life in the West, which was a mild modern reproduction of the sharp martyrdoms of the early Jesuits. In the case of the Methodists, however, it was a martyrdom of taste and personal comfort rather than of life. Certainly Mr. Milburn reveals an amusingly despotic method, on the part of the ministers of his connection, of claiming hospitality. The martyrdom of the pioneer preachers was evidently assuaged by the fact that they were often men of a frontier mould, so to say; rough, unlettered, unrefined men, to whom "hog, hominy, and pone" were not a very trying dispensation; and also by the fact that they got, *ex-officio*, the best that was going.

Mr. Milburn's life at the South is evidently the most interesting to himself, and most regretfully remembered. Alabama evidently justified to him its Indian name—"Here we rest." There, indeed, he rested for several years—but not from his labors. For a blind man and a clergyman in constant service of a parish, his studies were remarkable. At every page of his work the reader finds himself admiring the extraordinary pluck of the brave preacher. In the social relations of the South Mr. Milburn found a grace and hospitality which he fondly commemorates. He does not discuss the question of Slavery, but what he says indicates his sympathy with the Southern view, and it is said in a hearty and generous way. The late Seargent S. Prentiss is glowingly eulogized. Indeed, throughout the book there is a Southern, almost tropical temperature of enthusiasm. Neither sudden and terrible misfortune, nor long and wasting disease, nor exposure to rough vicissitudes, have repressed the freshness and spring of the author's spirit. By temperament, a boy; by training, an ecclesiastic; by trial, a hero; these chapters of a Methodist preacher's autobiography help to explain the remarkable revival of the last century in Christendom known as Methodism.

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THE COLLIER CORRECTIONS.

THERE has been a good deal of excitement at discovering that the twenty thousand famous Shakespeare emendations discovered by Mr. Collier in his old folio are forgeries. This was the second folio edition—that of 1632—which was found by Mr. Collier, in 1849, in a book-shop in London. The numerous corrections were in various colored inks, and in several hands; and, as Mr. White acutely remarks (Shakespeare's Scholar, p. 35), the repetitions of the typographical errors of the first folio are not corrected in the second. He also says, "The corrections were certainly made long after the original actors of the plays had passed away, and some, if not all, of the changes quite as surely not until after the Restoration, when the theatres had been closed for years, and the traditions of the stage had perished."

Whatever their authenticity or value, the reprint of the corrections made a great commotion in the world of Shakespearian literature—but the old folio told no tales. Mr. Collier said that he traced it to the hands of Mr. Parry, who owned it fifty years ago; and there the matter rested.

But recently the mysterious old folio has been treated like a mere Egyptian mummy. Science resolved that, if it had any story to tell, it should tell it. So it was taken to the British Museum, and science stripped to it. It brought out microscopes and solvents; it scraped and scrubbed and scanned, and finally declared that the ink is not ink—that it is only a wash of pigment over pencil-marks; and that the margins of the book are covered with pencil-marks in a modern hand: Moreover, Mr. Parry has appeared, and says that Mr. Collier never traced the book to him—that Mr. C. never came to him—and that it is not his old folio at all. This Mr. Parry may be hale and hearty, as they say, but he is a terrible fellow. For if his testimony be correct, there is another emended folio knocking about the world, upon which we shall presently have to strain our wits.

The tumult now is only greater than that at the discovery; and some wag has suggested that Mr. Collier has tried to palm a forgery upon the world. Can any thing be more ludicrous than the idea that a man who has been patiently annotating and editing Shakespeare for nearly forty years should suddenly flash out with an audacious stroke of genius like this? The intrinsic impossibility acquits the good Mr. Collier at once.

That there is an old folio, covered with some twenty thousand emendations, remains a fact still, despite science and Mr. Parry. That they were made by authority—by any hand which had access to the prompter's books of the theatre—is a theory which has never had the slightest show of support. And the case, therefore, stands now precisely where it did before science brought out the microscope and Mr. Parry; and precisely where it was placed by Mr. White in his complete and admirable discussion of the subject five years ago. That is to say, wherever the changes commend themselves to common sense they will be adopted. The hale and hearty Mr. Parry seems to be a totally irrelevant personage. And if he owned a folio of 1632, "bescribbled all over," which passed out of his hands somehow and somewhere, it is surely very probable that so indifferent a possessor of such a treasure might not be able to identify it after fifty years. And if Mr. Collier says that he came to him, and Mr. Parry says that he did not, it is a mere question of personal veracity.

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THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—OSCEOLE asks whether, when ministers say, "And now, my brethren, one word more and I have done," and then preach on for a quarter of an hour, "they do not tell"—what is not literally true. Osceole is too severe. When Mrs. Osceole sends word that she regrets she is unable to accept Mrs. Tecumseh's polite invitation, does she tell—? Not at all. She merely uses a recognized form of speech to express that she is not coming. "One word more" means merely—finally.

—J. M. T. One of your drawings is admirable. It is a talent which should be always cultivated, and yours particularly. But painting is another thing. A great painter or a good one must be sensitive to color. It is to him what musical sounds are to a musician. By all means study drawing.

—W. T. D. In chess, when neither king nor his castle have been moved, and nothing stands between, the king may be castled—that is, he may be placed upon his knight's square, and the castle upon his bishop's.

—GERMAINE. The Lounger can not give the details of the West Point curriculum. It seems to consist mainly of the toughest mathematics and practical military training. The institution turns out good mathematicians, but not scholars in the generous sense. It is a *military* school. The course is very severe. But the Lounger has known a young woman, pupil of the Rutgers Female Institute in New York, pass an examination as severe as that of the graduating cadets.

—J. C. H. The Reverend Henry Hart Milman is now Dean of St. Paul's. He is now about sixty-eight years old. "Fazio" was published in 1817. In 1821 he was Professor of Poetry at Oxford. He has written a History of Christianity from the beginning to the abolition of paganism in the Roman empire; and a History of the Jews; besides editing, with notes and corrections, an edition of Gibbon's History. He has also published several religious dramatic poems. He is a cold and polished writer. His prize poem at Oxford upon the Apollo is still quoted:

"Heard ye the arrow hurtle through the sky?" etc.

—READER. Mary Somerville is the name of a distinguished living English writer upon astronomy. Humboldt quotes her.

—A SUBSCRIBER. It is too bad. You say you want to get into print—but the difficulty in the case of your verses would be that you could not get them out again; and you would want to after a few months. Respectfully declined.

—The Lounger is grieved to hear by a letter from a gentleman in St. Louis that he is so sadly perplexed in finding what he calls "a soutable wife" that he thinks of taking to an advertisement. Lend, ladies, lend your piteous ears!

"I being a good-looking practical man of the world, having traveled much both at home and abrod, but as I am situated at present, find it quite out of my power to procure a soutable *Wife*, as marrageable Ladies of the right stamp (according to my ideas at least) in this city, being few and far between."

May the Lounger be permitted to hope that his correspondent will wait. The letter is written in good faith, but such letters are never answered so. And also, ladies, they are *not* generally written so.

—ETTIE M. S. The poem is pretty. But—no, thank you!

—G. W. L., speaking of M'Donald Clarke says:

"He talks thus madly of Washington:

"'Eternity, give him elbow room,
A spirit like his is large;
Earth, fence with artillery his tomb,
And fire a double charge
To the memory of America's greatest man—
Match him, posterity, if you can!'

"In the following lines he sketches with a few bold touches a well-known place, the bane of this country—a rum-hole:

"'Ha! see where the wild-blazing grog-shop appears,
As the red waves of wretchedness swell;
How it burns on the edge of tempestuous years,
The horrible light-house of Hell!'

"Can words give a more fearful and yet truthful name than that last line?"

—G. HOSAPHAT takes the Lounger to task for using "it" vaguely; and asks if "expense can be a generosity?" It certainly seems so to us, and the force of the "it" must be derived from the context. When it is said that they who pay for a certain entertainment will not *probably* share in the enjoyment of it; it (meaning the sentence) apparently and probably means that they will pay for something which others will enjoy, except when they themselves shall chance (if ever) to be upon the spot where the enjoyment is to be had. The expression "than who" instead of "than whom" is improper. The rest of the letter is clever. It is good hypercriticism.

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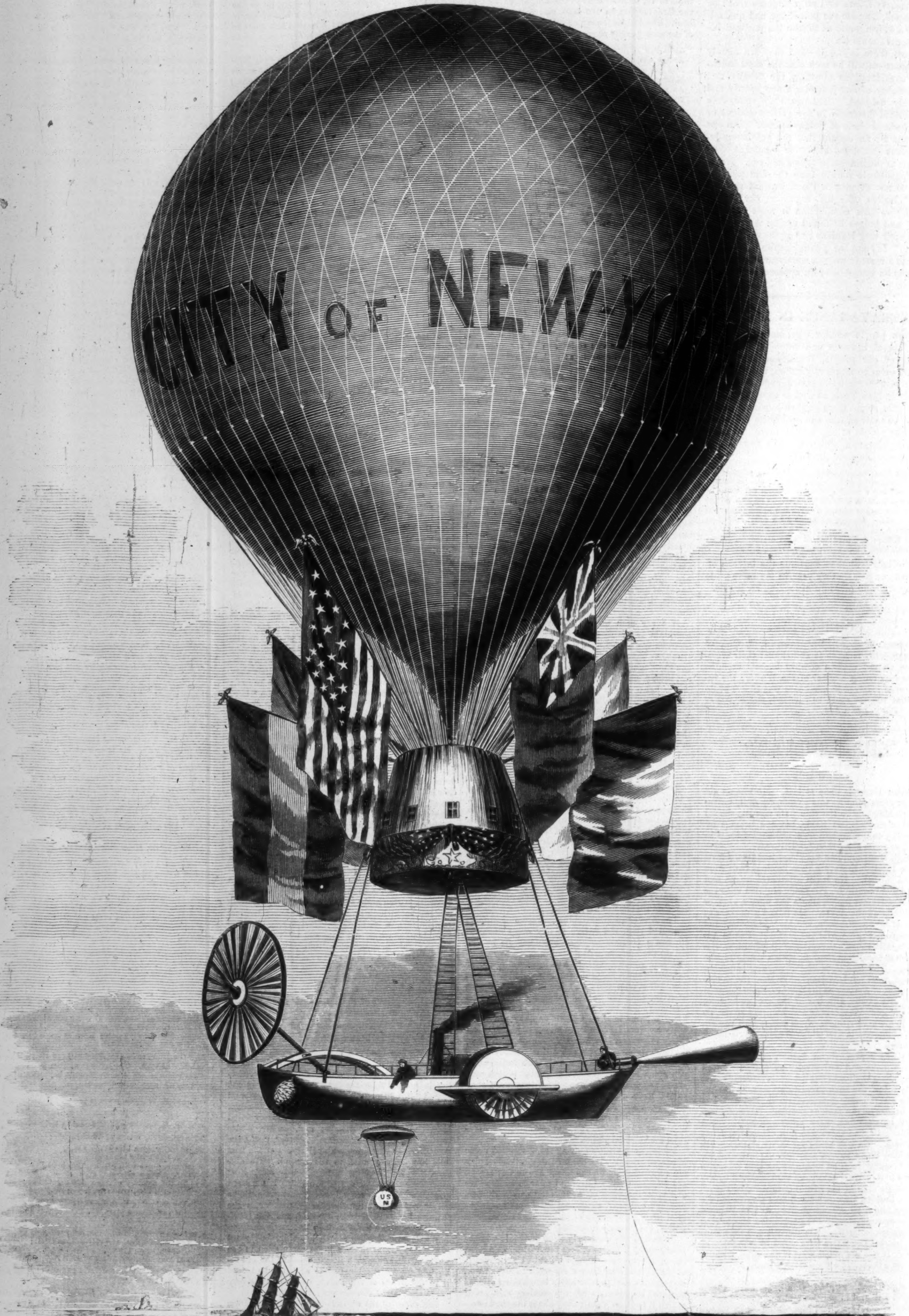
* It is republished by the Harpers.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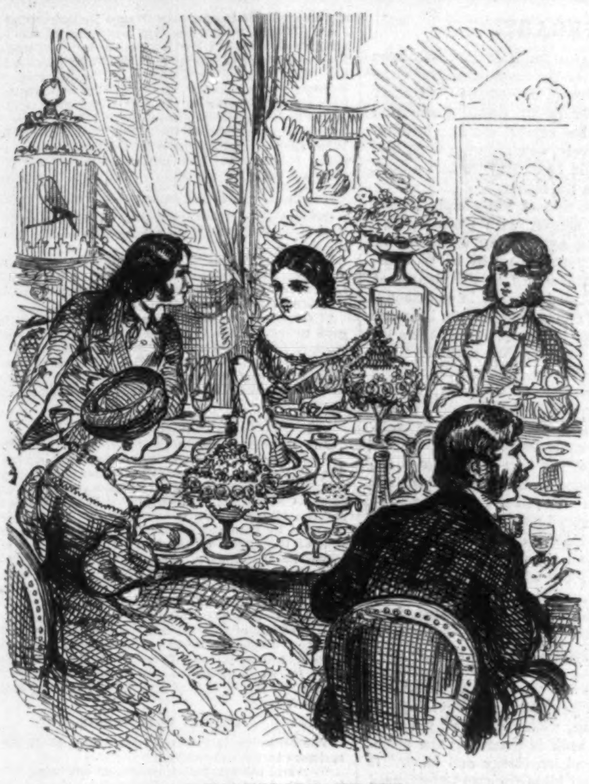
THE NEW AIR-SHIP "CITY OF NEW YORK."—[See Page 609.]



A BACHELOR'S SUPPER.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LV.

A SELECT PARTY.

ON a pleasant evening in the same month of June Mr. Abel Newt entertained a few friends at supper. The same June air, with less fragrance, perhaps, blew in at the open windows, which looked outside upon nothing but the street and the house walls opposite, but inside upon luxury and ease.

It mattered little what was outside, for heavy muslin curtains hung over the windows; and the light, the beauty, the revelry were all within.

The boyish look was entirely gone now from the face of the lord of the feast. It was even a little sallow in hue and satiated in expression. There was occasionally that hard, black look in his eyes which those who had seen his sister Fanny intimately had often remarked in her—a look with which Alfred Dinks, for instance, was familiar. But the companions of his revels were not shrewd of vision. It was not Herbert Octoyne, nor Corlaer Van Boozenberg, nor Bowdoin Beacon, nor Sligo Moultrie, nor any other of his set, who especially remarked his expression; it was, oddly enough, Miss Grace Plumer, of New Orleans.

She sat there in the pretty, luxurious rooms, prettier and more luxurious than they. For, at the special solicitation of Mr. Abel Newt, Mrs. Plumer had consented to accept an invitation to a little supper at his rooms—very small and very select; Mrs. Newt, of course, to be present.

The Plumers arrived, and Laura Magot; but a note from mamma excused her absence—papa somewhat indisposed, and so forth; and Mr. Abel himself so sorry—but Mrs. Plumer knows what these husbands are, and so forth. Meanwhile the ladies have thrown off their shawls.

The dinner was exquisite, and exquisitely served. Prince Abel, with royal grace, presided. By every lady's plate a pretty bouquet; the handsomest of all not by Miss, but by Mrs. Plumer. Flowers were every where. It was Grand Street, indeed, in the city; but the garden at Pinewood, perhaps, did not smell more sweetly.

"There is no perfume of the clover, which is the very breath of our Northern June, Mrs. Plumer; but clover does not grow in the city, Miss Grace."

Prince Abel begins the little speech to the mother, but his voice and face turn toward the daughter as it ends.

Flowers are in glasses upon the mantle, and in vases of many-colored materials and of various shapes upon tables about the room. The last new books, in English editions often, and a few solid classics, are in sight. Pictures also.

"What a lovely Madonna!" says Miss Plumer, as she raises her eyes to a beautiful and costly engraving that hangs opposite upon the wall; which, indeed, had been intended to be seen by her.

"Yes. It is the Sistine, you know," said the Prince, as he sees that the waiter pours wine for Mrs. Plumer.

The Prince forgets to mention that it is not the engraving which usually hangs there. Usually it is a pretty colored French print representing "Lucille," a young woman who has apparently very recently issued from the bath. Indeed there is a very choice collection of French prints which the young men sometimes study over their cigars, but which are this evening in the port-folio, which is not in sight.

The waiters move very softly. The wants of the guests are often revealed to them by being supplied. Quiet, elegance, luxury prevail.

"Really, Mr. Newt"—it is Mrs. Plumer, of New Orleans, who speaks—"you have created Paris in Grand Street!"

"Ah! madame, it is you who bring the manners of the French court, and adorn a bachelor's poor menage with your kind presence!"

He speaks to the mother; he looks, as he ends, again at the daughter.

The daughter is a wise young woman. For the first time she is in the sanctuary of a bachelor—of a young man about town. It is a character which always interests her—which half fascinates her. For Miss Plumer, of New Orleans, has read more French literature of the lighter sort—novels and romances, for instance—than most of the young women whom Abel Newt meets in society. Grace Plumer's eyes are very shrewd, and she is looking every where to see if she shall not light upon some token of bachelor habits—something that shall reveal the man who occupies those pretty rooms.

Every where her bright eyes fall softly, but every where upon quiet, elegance, and luxury. There is the Madonna; but there are also the last winner at the Newmarket, the profile of Mr. Bulwer, and a French landscape. The books are good, but not too good. There is an air of candor and honesty in the room, united with the luxury and elegance, that greatly pleases Miss Grace Plumer. The apartment leads naturally up to that handsome, graceful, dark-haired, dark-eyed gentleman whose eye is following hers, while she does not know it; whose mind has preceded yours in the very journey it has now taken, O! clear-eyed, cheerful-hearted maiden.

Sligo Moultrie sits beyond Miss Plumer, who is at the left of Mr. Newt. Upon his right sits Mrs. Plumer. The friendly relations of Abel and Sligo have not been disturbed. They seem indeed, of late, to have become even strengthened. At least the young men meet oftener; not infrequently in Mrs. Plumer's parlor. Somehow they are aware of each other's movements; somehow, if one calls upon the Plumers, or drives with them, or walks with them alone, the other knows it. And they talk together freely of all people in the world, except the Plumers of New Orleans. In Abel's room of an evening, at a late hour, when a party of youth are smoking, there are many allusions to the pretty Plumer—to which it happens that Newt and Moultrie make only a general reply.

As the dinner proceeds from delicate course to course, and the wines of varying hue sparkle and flow, so the conversation purls along—a gentle, continuous brook. Good things are said, and there is that kind of happy appreciation which makes the generally silent speak and the clever more witty.

Mrs. Godefroi Plumer has traveled much and enjoys the world. She is a Creole, with the Tropics in her hair and complexion, and Spain in her eyes. She wears a Parisian head-dress, a brocade upon her ample person, and diamonds around her complacent neck and arms. Diamonds also flash in the fan which she sways gently, admiring Prince Abel. Diamonds—huge solitaires—glitter likewise in the ears of Miss Grace. She wears also a remarkable bracelet of the same precious stones; for the rest, her dress is a cloud of Mechlin lace. She has quick, dark eyes, and an olive skin. Her hands and feet are small. She has filbert nails and an arched instep. Prince Abel, who hangs upon his wall the portrait of the last Newmarket victor, has not omitted to observe these details. He thinks how they would grace a larger house, a more splendid table.

Sligo Moultrie remembers a spacious country-house, surrounded by a silent plantation, somewhat fallen from its state, whom such a mistress would superbly restore. He looks a man too refined to wed for money, but too indolently luxurious to love without it.

Half hidden under the muslin drapery by the window is a cage with a canary. The bird sits silent; but as the feast proceeds he pours a shrill strain into the murmur of the guests. For the noise of the golden-breasted bird Sligo Moultrie can not hear something that is said to him by the ripe mouth between the solitaires. He asks pardon, and it is repeated.

Then, still smiling and looking toward the window, he says, and as he says it his eyes—at which he knows his companion is looking—wander over the room,

"A very pretty cage!"

The eyes drop upon hers as they finish the circuit of the room. They say no more than the lips have said. And Miss Grace Plumer answers,

"I thought you were going to say a very noisy bird."

"But the bird is not very noisy," says the young man, his dark eyes still holding hers.

There is a moment of silence, during which Miss Plumer may have her fancy of what he means. If so, she does not choose to betray it. If her eyes are clear and shrewd, the woman's wit is not less so. It is with an air of the utmost simplicity that she replies,

"It was certainly noisy enough to drown what I was saying."

There is a sound upon her other side as if a musical bell rang.

"Miss Plumer!"

Mr. Sligo Moultrie sees the massive dark braids between the solitaires. The ripe mouth half smiles upon Prince Abel.

He holds a porcelain plate with a peach upon it, and a silver fruit-knife in his hand. She smiles, as if the music had melted into a look. Then she hears it again:

"Here is the sunniest side of the sunniest peach for Miss Plumer."

Sligo Moultrie can not help hearing, for the tone is not low. But, while he is expecting to catch the reply, Miss Magot, who sits beyond him, speaks to him. The Prince Abel, who sees many things, sees this; and in a tone which is low Miss Plumer hears—and nobody else in the room hears—

"May life always be that side of a sweet fruit to her!"

It is the tone and not the words which are eloquent.

The next instant Sligo Moultrie, who has answered Miss Magot's question, hears Miss Plumer say:

"Thank you, with all my heart."

It seems to him a warm acknowledgment for a piece of fruit.

"I did not speak of the bird; I spoke of the cage," are the words that Miss Plumer next hears.

She turns to Sligo Moultrie and says, with eyes that expect a reply,

"Yes, you are right; it is a very pretty cage."

"Even a cage may be a home, I suppose."

"Ask the canary."

"And so turned to the basest uses," says Mr. Moultrie, as if thinking aloud.

He is roused by a little ringing laugh:

"Pleasant idea of home you must have, Mr. Moultrie."

He smiles also.

"I do not wonder you laugh at me; but I mean sense, for all that," says he.

"You usually do," she says, sincerely, and eyes and solitaires glitter together.

Sligo Moultrie is happy—for one moment. The next he hears the musical bell again. Miss Plumer turns in the very middle of a word which she has begun to address to him.

"Miss Grace?"

"Well! Mr. Newt."

"You observe the engraving of the Madonna?"

"Yes."

"You see the two cherubs below looking up?"

"Yes."

"You see the serene sweetness of their face?"

"Yes."

"Do you know what it is?"

Grace Plumer looks as if curiously speculating. Sligo Moultrie can not help hearing every word, although he pares a peach and offers it to Miss Magot.

"Miss Grace, do you remember what I said once of honest admiration—that if it were eloquent it would be irresistible?"

Grace Plumer bows an assent.

"But that its mere consciousness—a sort of silent eloquence—is pure happiness to him who feels it?"

She thinks she remembers that too, although the Prince apparently forgets that he never said it to her before.

"Well, Miss Plumer, it seems to me that serene sweetness is the expression of the perfect happiness of entire admiration, that is to say, of love; whoever loves is like those cherubs — perfectly happy."

He looks attentively at the picture, as if he had forgotten his own existence in the happiness of the cherubs. Grace Plumer glances at him for a few moments with a peculiar expression. It is full of admiration, but it does not seem the look with which she would say, as she just now said to Sligo Moultrie, "You always speak sincerely."

She is still looking at the Prince when Mr. Moultrie begins again:

"I ought to be allowed to explain that I meant only that as a cage is a home, so it is often used as a snare. Do you know, Miss Grace, that the prettiest birds are often put into the prettiest cages to entice other birds? By-the-by, how lovely Laura Magot is this evening!"

He cuts a small piece of the peach with his silver knife and puts it into his mouth.

"Peaches are luxuries in June," he says, quietly.

This time it is at Sligo Moultrie that Miss Grace Plumer looks fixedly.

"What kind of birds, Mr. Moultrie?" she says, at length.

"Miss Grace, do you know the story of the old Prince of Este?" answers he, as he lays a bunch of grapes upon her plate. She pulls one carelessly and lets it drop again. He takes it and puts it in his mouth.

"No; what is the story?"

"There was an old Prince of Este who had a beautiful villa and a beautiful sister, and nothing else in the world but a fiery eye and an eloquent tongue."

Sligo Moultrie flushes a little and drinks a glass of wine. Grace Plumer is a little paler and more serious. Prince Abel plies Madame Plumer with fruit and compliments, and hears every word.

"Well."

"Well, Miss Grace, she was so beautiful that many a lady became her friend, and many of those friends sighed for the brother's fiery eyes and blushed as they heard his honeyed tongue. But he was looking for a queen. At length came the Princess of Sheba—"

"Are you talking of King Solomon?"

"No, Miss Plumer, only of Alcibiades. And when the Princess of Sheba came near the villa the Prince of Este entreated her to visit him, promising that the sister should be there. It was a pretty cage, I think; the sister was a lovely bird. And the Princess came."

He stops and drinks more wine.

"Very well! And then?"

"Why, then, she had a very pleasant visit," he says, gayly.

"Mr. Moultrie, is that the whole of the story?"

"No, indeed, Miss Plumer; but that is as far as we have got."

"I want to hear the rest."

"Don't be in such a hurry; you won't like the rest so well."

"Yes; but that is my risk."

"It *is* your risk," says Sligo Moultrie, looking at her; "will you take it?"

"Of course I will," is the clear-eyed answer.

"Very well. The Princess came; but she did not go away."

"How curious! Did she die of a peach-stone at the banquet?"

"Not at all. She became Princess of Este instead of Sheba."

"Oh-h-h!" says Grace Plumer, in a long-drawn exclamation. "And then?"

"Why, Miss Grace, how insatiable you are!—then, I came away."

"You did? I wouldn't have come away."

"No, Miss Grace, you didn't."

"How—I didn't? What does that mean, Mr. Moultrie?"

"I mean the Princess remained."

"So you said. Is that all?"

"No."

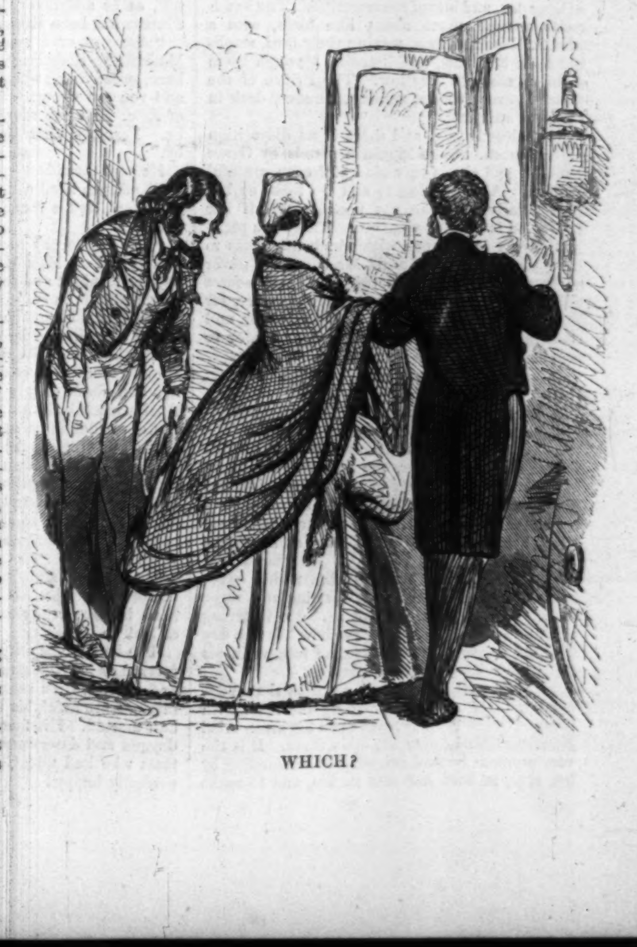
"Well."

"Oh! the rest is nothing. I mean nothing new."

"Let me hear the old story, then, Mr. Moultrie."

"The rest is merely that the Princess found that the fiery eyes burned her and the eloquent tongue stung her, and truly that is the whole. Isn't it a pretty story? The moral is that cages are sometimes traps."

Sligo Moultrie becomes suddenly extremely attentive to Miss Magot. Grace Plumer pon-



WHICH?

ders many things, and among others, wonders how, when, where, Sligo Moultrie learned to talk in parables. She does not ask herself *why* he does so. She is a woman, and she knows why.

The conversation takes a fresh turn. Corlaer Van Boozenberg is talking of the great heiress, Miss Wayne. He has drunk wine enough to be bold, and calls out aloud from his end of the table,

"Mr. Abel Newt!"

That gentleman turns his head toward his guest.

"We are wondering down here how it is that Miss Wayne went away from New York unengaged."

"I am not her confidant," Abel answers; and gallantly adds, "I am sure, like every other man, I should be glad to be so."

"But you had the advantage of every body else."

"How so?" asks Abel, conscious that Grace Plumer is watching him closely.

"Why, you were at school in Delafield until you were no chicken."

Abel bows smilingly.

"You must have known her."

"Yes, a little."

"Well, didn't you know what a stunning heiress she was, and so handsome! How'd you, of all men in the world, let her slip through your fingers?"

A curious silence follows this effusion. Corlaer Van Boozenberg is slightly flown with wine. Hal Battlebury, the soul of honor, who sits near him, looks troubled. Herbert Octoyne and Mellish Whitloe exchange meaning glances. The young ladies—Mrs. Plumer is the only matron, except Mrs. Dagon who sits below—smile pleasantly. Sligo Moultrie eats grapes. Grace Plumer waits to hear what Abel says, or to observe what he does. Mrs. Dagon regards the whole affair with an approving smile, nodding almost imperceptibly a kind of Freemason's sign to Mrs. Plumer, who thinks that the worthy young Van Boozenberg has probably taken too much wine.

Abel Newt quietly turns to Grace Plumer, saying,

"Poor Corlaer! There are disadvantages in being the son of a very rich man; one is so strongly inclined to believe in nothing but money."

He looks her straight in the eyes as he says it. Perhaps it is some effort he is making which throws into his look that cold, hard blackness which is not beautiful. Perhaps it is some kind of exasperation arising from what he has heard Moultrie say privately and Van Boozenberg publicly, as it were, that pushes him further than he means to go. There is a dangerous look of craft; an air of sarcastic cunning in his eyes and on his face. He turns the current of talk with his neighbors, without any other indication of disturbance than the unpleasant look. Van Boozenberg is silent again. The gentle, rippling murmur of talk fills the room, and at a moment when Moultrie is speaking with his neighbor, Abel says, looking at the engraving of the Madonna,

"Miss Grace, I feel like those cherubs."

"Why so, Mr. Newt."

"Because I am perfectly happy."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, Miss Grace, and for the same reason, that I entirely love and admire."

Her heart beats violently. Sligo Moultrie turns and sees her face. He divines every thing in a moment, for he loves Grace Plumer.

"Yes, Miss Grace," says he, in a quick, thick tone, as if he were continuing a narration—"yes, she became Princess of Este, but the fiery eyes burned her and the sweet tongue stung her forever and ever."

Mrs. Plumer and Mrs. Dagon are rising. There is a rustling tumult of women's dresses, a shaking out of handkerchiefs, light fragments of laughter, and bits of conversation. The handsome women move about like birds, with a plumy, elastic motion, waving their fans, smelling their bouquets, and listening through them to tones that are very low. The Prince of the house is every where, smiling, sinuous, dark in the eyes and hair.

It is already late, and there is no disposition to be seated. Sligo Moultrie stands by Grace Plumer, and she is very glad and even grateful to him. Abel passing to and fro looks at her occasionally, and can not possibly tell if her confusion is pain or pleasure. There is a reckless gayety in the tone with which he speaks to the other ladies. "Surely Mr. Newt was never so fascinating," they all think in their secret souls; and they half envy Grace Plumer, for they know the little supper is given for her, and they think it needs no sibyl to say why, or to prophesy the future.

It is nearly midnight, and the moon is rising. Hark!

A band pours upon the silent night the mellow, passionate wail of "Robin Adair." The bright company stands listening and silent. The festive scene, the hour, the flowers, the luxury of the place, the beauty of the women, impress the imagination and touch the music with a softer melancholy. Hal Battlebury's eyes are clear, but his heart is full of tears as he listens and thinks of Amy Waring. He knows that all is in vain. She has told him, with a sweet dignity that made her only lovelier and more inaccessible, that it can not be. He is trying to believe it. He is hoping to show her one day that she is wrong. Listening, he follows in his mind the song the band is playing.

Sligo Moultrie feels and admires the audacious skill of Abel in crowning the feast with music. Grace Plumer leans upon his arm. Abel Newt's glittering eyes are upon them. It is the very moment he had intended to be standing by her side, to hold her arm in his, and to make her feel that the music which pealed in long cadences through the midnight and streamed through the draped windows into the room, was the passionate entreaty of his heart, the irresistible pathos of the love he bore her.

Somehow Grace Plumer is troubled. She fears the fascination she enjoys. She dreads the assumption of power over her which she has observed in Abel. She recoils from the cold blackness she has seen in his eyes. She sees it at this moment again, in that glittering glance which slips across the room and holds her as she stands. Involuntarily she leans upon Sligo Moultrie as if clinging to him.

There is more music—a lighter, then a sadder and lingering strain. It recedes slowly, slowly, up the street. The company stand in the pretty parlor and not a word is spoken. It is past midnight; the music is over.

"What a charming party! Mr. Newt, how much we are obliged to you!" says Mrs. Godefroi Plumer, as Abel hands her into the carriage.

"The pleasure is all mine, Madame," replies Mr. Newt, as he sees with bitterness that Sligo Moultrie stands ready to offer his hand to assist Miss Plumer. The footman holds the carriage-door open. Miss Plumer can accept the assistance of but one, and Mr. Abel is resolved to know which one.

"Permit me, Miss Plumer," says Sligo.

"Allow me, Miss Grace," says Abel.

The latter address sounds to her a little too free. It is a feeling, perhaps, that he has no rights of intimacy—at least not yet—or what is it? But she gives her hand to Sligo Moultrie, and Abel bows.

"Thank you for a delightful evening, Mr. Newt. Good-night!"

The host bows again, bareheaded in the moonlight.

"By-the-by, Mr. Moultrie," says the ringing voice of the clear-eyed girl, who remembers that Abel is listening, but who is sure that only Sligo can understand, "I ought to have told you that the story ended differently. The Princess left the villa. Good-night! good-night!"

The carriage rattles down the street.

"Good-night, Newt; a very beautiful and pleasant party."

"Good-night, Moultrie; thank you; and pleasant dreams."

The young Georgian skips up the street, thinking only of Grace Plumer's last words. Abel Newt stands at his door for a moment, remembering them also, and perfectly understanding them. The next instant he is shawling and cloaking the other ladies, who follow the Plumers; among them Mrs. Dagon, who says, softly,

"Good-night, Abel. I like it all very well. A most interesting girl! Such a complexion! and such teeth! Such lovely little hands, too! It's all very aristocratic. Go on, my dear. What a dreadful piece of work Fanny's made of it! I wonder you don't like Hope Wayne. Think of it, a million of dollars! However, it's all one, I suppose—Grace or Hope are equally pleasant. Good-night, naughty boy! Behave yourself. As for your father, I'm afraid to go to the house lest he should bite me. He's dangerous. Good-night, dear!"

Yes, Abel remembers with singular distinctness that it was a word, only one word, just a year ago to Grace Plumer—a word intended only to deceive that foolish Fanny—which had cost him—at least he thinks so—Hope Wayne.

He bows his last guests out at the door with more sweetness in his face than in his soul. Returning to the room he looks round upon the ruins of the feast, and drinks copiously of the wine that still remains. Not at all inclined to sleep, he goes into his bedroom and finds a cigar. Returning, he makes a few turns in the room while he smokes, and stops constantly to drink another glass. He half mutters to himself, as he addresses the chair in which Grace Plumer has been sitting,

"Are you or I going to pay for this feast, Madame? Somebody has got to do it. Look here, sweet young woman! Moultrie was right, and you are wrong. She *did* become Princess of Este. I'll pay now, and you'll pay by-and-by. Yes, my dear Grace, you'll pay by-and-by."

He says these last words very slowly, with his teeth set, the head a little crouched between the shoulders, and a stealthy, sullen, ugly glare in the eyes.

"I've got to pay now, and you shall pay by-and-by. Yes, Miss Grace Plumer; you shall pay for to-night and for the evening in my mother's conservatory."

He strides about the room a little longer. It is one o'clock, and he goes down stairs and out of the house. Still smoking, he passes along Broadway until he reaches Thiel's. He hurries up, and finds only a few desperate gamblers. Abel himself looks a little wild and flushed. He sits down defiantly, and plays recklessly. The hours are clanged from the belfry of the City Hall. The lights burn brightly in Thiel's room. Nobody is sleeping there. One by one the players drop away—except those who remark Abel's game, for that is so careless and furious that it is threatening, threatening, whether he loses or wins.

He loses constantly, but still plays on. The lights are bright. His eyes are bright. The bank is quite ready to stay open for such a run of luck in its favor.

The bell of the City Hall clangs three in the morning as a young man emerges from Thiel's, and hurries, then saunters, up Broadway. His motions are fitful, his dress is deranged, and his hair matted. His face, in the full moonlight, is dogged and dangerous. It is the Prince of the feast who had told Grace Plumer that he was perfectly happy!

LITERARY.

MRS. LOUISA CHANDLER MOULTON has been widely known as one of the most delightful writers of tales and sketches in this country. Harper & Brothers publish MY THIRD BOOK, a collection of ten or a dozen of her capital stories; brilliant and pleasant; now lively, now sad even to pathos. On the whole, it would be difficult to find a book more certain to please the reader.

James B. Smith & Co., of Philadelphia, have published, in a fine octavo, with portrait, THE SPEECHES, MESSAGES, AND OTHER WRITINGS of the Hon. Albert G. Brown, edited by M. W. Cluskey. The work is announced as the pioneer of other similar volumes, and is issued in commendable style. The life of Senator Brown has been one of honor to himself and his State, and this is a fitting monument of its success. We wish Mr. Cluskey all possible success in his undertaking.

DOWNING'S LANDSCAPE GARDENING, with a Supplement by Henry Winthrop Sargent, appear from the press of A. O. Moore & Co., the well-known publishers of agricultural works. To say any thing in praise of the text which forms the body of this well-known work would be quite superfluous at this time. All farmers, gardeners, and inhabitants of the country know and value the book as the guide to good taste, and the suggester of a thousand beautiful and beautifying plans. The present edition is enriched with Mr. Sargent's answers to the question, "What shall I plant?"

Sheldon & Co. send us DAILY THOUGHTS for a Child, by Mrs. Thomas Geldart; an American reprint of a small but popular English book of children's instruction.

Scribner publishes an excellent work on the ART OF EXTEMPORE SPEAKING, by Bautain, professor at the Sorbonne, with additions by a New York lawyer. The book is deserving the attention of all public speakers, clergy and laity. It contains good practical hints from an experienced teacher, and such hints as many need who would be very indignant if told as much to their faces.

There is some very delicious reading in the eighth volume of Agnes Strickland's QUEENS OF SCOTLAND AND ENGLISH PRINCESSES, published by Harper & Brothers. This volume includes the Lives of ELIZABETH STUART, daughter of James VI., and SOPHIA, Electress of Hanover. Both are full of stirring history.

A somewhat curious and a very interesting book, especially to agriculturists, is one on AMERICAN WEEDS AND USEFUL PLANTS, published by A. O. Moore & Co. It is in effect a hand-book of botany, with reference especially to such plants as agriculturists are most likely to be interested in.

HENRY WILLARD is a story of American boys at school, which boys will enjoy and profit by; published by M. W. Dodd.

An interesting contribution to American historical literature is the LIFE OF BARON VON STEUBEN, of Revolutionary fame, by Frederick Kapp, with a preface by Mr. Bancroft; published by Mason Brothers. The Baron has hitherto been little regarded by writers of American history. He has now, as Mr. Bancroft remarks, a biographer worthy and able to do him justice. The author has been industrious, leaving no stone unturned which might possibly have an inscription on its reverse to aid him in his task. The subject of the memoir was not the least remarkable of our revolutionary officers. His chief characteristic as a disciplinarian is prominently brought out, and the reader finds, not the favorable estimate of the ordinary biographer, but a very frank, trust-worthy estimate of the good and the bad, such as must make a history to be relied on.

Here is a volume by Dr. Breckinridge from Carter & Brothers. THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD SUBJECTIVELY CONSIDERED. The last volume was the *objective* view. Here is much heavy work for the present weather, and we can not pretend even to have glanced through the book. It is impossible to glance through any book of Dr. Breckinridge's. The eye and the mind are arrested at every page. Profound thought, logical and convincing argument, bold, eloquent, telling, and trying passages—all these we have found in the first few pages, and we know what is to follow. The book is a mine of thought, into which the thinking man will delight to be led.

CICERO DE OFFICIIS, edited by Dr. Anthon, and published by Harper & Brothers. A much needed and most valuable text-book for schools and colleges. Cicero, in this treatise on the duties of life, wrote what we have been accustomed to consider the most graceful, the easiest, and (to the student of languages) the most instructive Latin that is now extant. We shall not soon forget the delight which we experienced in first attempting to read it, after years of the most devoted application to the language. It was like the discovery of gold by a miner who had been digging long time in vain. Such pleasure and such a treasure we promise it will prove to any student and to any Latin reader, and we earnestly commend it as a text-book for schools and colleges. The edition is Holden's, hitherto most highly esteemed in England, with Dr. Anthon's valuable notes and emendations, and it is published in Harper & Brothers series of Dr. Anthon's editions.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SAN JUAN DIFFICULTY.

A LATE letter from San Francisco says, in reference to the San Juan affair: "At the time of writing every thing remained at the disputed island in *statu quo*; the American soldiers under Captain Pickett occupied their post, and the English men-of-war were anchored in the harbor. No British soldiers had been landed, nor had any steps been taken to procure a joint-occupation. Our dates from Victoria are to August 13, four days later than previous advices. The *Satellite* sailed to relieve the *Tribune* at San Juan, and it seems all the troops in the colony, principally consisting of sappers and miners, were proceeding with haste to the spot. General Harney had returned a formal answer to the protest issued by Governor Douglass, and had also issued orders to concentrate all the available troops in the Oregon Department at San Juan. It appears that the four companies of the Third artillery stationed at Fort Vancouver have proceeded to Puget Sound for the purpose of reinforcing Captain Pickett. They sailed from Portland on the 9th inst. The messenger who arrived here on the 17th bore dispatches from General Harney to the War Department, and also letters to Commodore Long, of the Pacific squadron, and to the Commandant of the Mare Island Navy Yard. What effect these movements are to have remains to be seen. It is reported that the English men-of-war at San Juan will not allow any more American soldiers to land."

GENERAL SCOTT ORDERED TO THE PACIFIC.

General Scott left Washington on September 16 for New York, and will sail in the steamer of the 20th for the Pacific.

The present delicate and complicated state of affairs at San Juan, growing out of General Harney's movements, requires great care and caution on the part of our Government to prevent a collision.

The President, in conferring with General Scott in regard to the matter, suggested the propriety of sending some one there who was less impetuous and more prudent than General Harney. General Scott at once informed the President that he would go, and that as soon as his instructions were prepared he would be ready to start.

STATE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The Democratic State Convention met at Syracuse last week, and nominated a ticket for State officers. It was decided that the State Convention should appoint the delegates to Charleston. There was as usual a split in the Convention, between Mayor Wood on one side, and the Albany managers on the other. But the tickets reported by both parties are the same, with the exception of the Clerk of the Court of Appeals, for which office the Wood party nominated E. Simpson of New York, and the Albany party John L. Lewis, Jun., of Yates. The following is the rest of the ticket: *Secretary of State*—D. R. Floyd Jones, of Queens; *Controller*—Sandford E. Church, of Orleans; *Attorney-General*—Lyman Tremain, of Albany; *State Engineer*—Van R. Richmond, of Wayne; *Treasurer*—Isaac Vanderpoel, of Erie; *Canal Commissioner*—William J. Skinner, of Herkimer; *State Prison Inspector*—Noble S. Elderkin, of St. Lawrence; *Judge of Court of Appeals*—Alexander S. Johnson, of Albany.

ROW IN CONVENTION.

The following is the telegraphic account of the disturbance in the Convention:

"Several minutes before twelve, no one being in Weiting Hall except the Mozart Hall delegation, one of them moved that Thomas G. Alvord, of Syracuse, be chairman. In a second it was pronounced carried, and an unparalleled scene of disorder followed.

"John Cochrane, who attempted to speak, was nearly cried down, and was interrupted by a fisticuff demonstration on the part of several Mozart Hall men while speaking on a resolution regretting the differences of New York, and moving the admission of both delegations. The Benecia Boy and several other bullies sat in the front seats.

"At twelve, Peter Cagger, as chairman of the State Committee, called the meeting to order, and moved that John Stryker be chairman. Carried amidst a noise and tumult perfectly diabolical. A man from the Thirteenth Ward, shot in a Tammany Hall brawl six months ago, named Nealy Woods, came behind Stryker, while standing on the platform, and pushed him violently down to the floor, a distance of several feet, hurting him not dangerously, but severely. The shrieks and cries meanwhile rendered hearing almost impossible; but John Cochrane shouted out a resolution, that as violence had been offered, the meeting had better adjourn until one o'clock. Carried unanimously. All then left but the Mozart Hall men, Stryker limping away as best he could."

THE FINANCIAL AFFAIRS OF THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT.

We read in the *Times*: "Those who feel an interest in the financial condition of the General Government can rely upon the following statement being authentic, and the data from which it is drawn official and reliable. The balance of unexpended appropriations in the Treasury on the 30th June, 1858, was four millions below the balance the year previous, and amounted to $26,782,062 62. This balance on the 30th June, 1859, amounted

to		$22,455,991 74
Special appropriations for year ending 30th June, 1860		41,367,699 63
Permanent appropriations for year ending 30th June, 1860		8,497,724 50
Estimated additional appropriations for present year		9,000,000 00
Total		$81,321,415 87
Reducing the estimated balance of appropriations unexpended again, four millions below the preceding year, we have		$18,000,000 00
Leaves estima'd expenditures for 1859-'60		$63,321,415 87
To meet these expenditures the Government had a balance in the Treasury July 1, 1859	$4,339,275 54	
Balance of loan, 1858	1,380,000 00	
Treasury notes reissuable June 30, 1859	4,953,200 00	
Total available means July 1, 1859		$10,672,475 54
Present estimated receipts from customs		62,400,000 00
Present estimated receipts from lands		2,500,000 00
Present estimated receipts from miscel.		1,500,000 00
Estimated means for the year 1859-'60		$77,072,475 54
Deduct estimated expenditures		63,321,415 87
Estimated surplus for the year		$13,751,059 67

"After deducting from this surplus the six millions required to be retained in the Treasury for Mint purposes, there still remains a balance of $7,751,059 67 to be applied to the redemption of outstanding Treasury notes—a sum much larger than the whole amount of notes reissuable on the 30th June last, and it is a fact well ascertained that no notes redeemed *subsequent* to that date will be reissued at the Treasury."

MURDER IN UTAH.

A Utah correspondent, under date of Camp Floyd, August 18, describes the assassination of First Sergeant Ralph Pike, of the 10th Infantry, who was shot dead in front of the Salt Lake Hotel by a Mormon named Spencer. The murderer escaped. Pike was a native of Bedford, New Hampshire. His funeral was attended by three regiments of Infantry, a squadron of Dragoons, a battery of Light Artillery, and a detachment of Sappers and Miners. The officers of each regiment, in full uniform, followed in the rear of their respective corps; General Johnston and his staff following in the rear of the whole.

Several other assassinations are charged upon the Mormons, and great excitement existed.

ANOTHER MASSACRE OF EMIGRANTS.

Utah papers received at St. Louis on Monday, September 12, furnish an account of another massacre of a party of emigrants by Indians. The affair happened July 24, on Raft River, Oregon, where the emigrants were attacked by a band of Shoshones, and six men and one woman of the emigrants killed, and six men and one woman wounded. Some of the latter are not expected to live. The Indians then robbed the wagons of $1700 in money, and drove off a large quantity of their stock.

The attacking Indians were the same party who were reported recently to have been severely chastised by the troops under Lieutenant Gray.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT CHICAGO.

A very destructive fire occurred in Chicago on Thursday night. The entire block bounded by Clinton Street on the north, Canal Street on the west, and Lake and Fulton streets, was burned. Blatchford's lead works, the Hydraulic Mills, and the block by North Jefferson, Clinton, Fulton, and West Lake streets, were also destroyed; also a large amount of other property, including a considerable amount of lumber. The total loss is not less than $500,000. Insured for $250,000 in New York and New England companies.

HOW THE "GREAT EASTERN" WILL BE RECEIVED AT PORTLAND.

The city government have made special arrangements to do honor to the arrival of the *Great Eastern*. The programme includes a public dinner, ball, general illumination of the city, ringing of bells, salutes of artillery, excursions in the harbor, military displays, and other manifestations of public rejoicing. A committee of the city government has also voted to extend invitations to President Buchanan and his cabinet, to General Scott, to the Governor of Canada, to General Williams, commander of the British forces in North America, to the Governors of the several States, and to the executives of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, to visit Portland during the visit of the *Great Eastern*.

RIOT IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

A riot of rather formidable proportions took place at Manchester, New Hampshire, on Wednesday evening last, between the firemen, who were holding a tournament at that place, and a gang of gamblers. Some trouble having occurred between them, the firemen assembled at night, attacked the premises occupied by the gamblers, and, after hard fighting, took possession, ransacked the premises, and smashed the furniture; two other houses, supposed to be occupied by gamblers, were also demolished. The mob then attacked the American Hotel, the windows of which were broken, and other damage done. Here they were addressed by several firemen, who begged them to desist from their work of destruction, which they were finally induced to do.

A PHILOSOPHICAL HUSBAND.

We read in the *Tribune*: "Dr. Taney recently eloped with the wife of a Baptist deacon, in Knox County, Ohio. She left three children, one an infant. He left five. The day before they eloped, the Doctor took his wife and her infant on a visit to his brother's, told her not to come back until the next evening, and that he would take good care of the other children in her absence. When she came home he had been gone over fourteen hours, and the little ones were all in tears. The bereaved husband followed the Doctor and his wife to Huron County, where he found the woman prostrated with illness. Without a word of upbraiding, he staid and nursed her back to life, then he talked with the Doctor and her, and reasoned with them, and promised to forgive all, and hide the facts from the world. To his grief, however, he learned that his wife loved the Doctor. He therefore expressed his forgiveness to the recreant woman, and certified in writing that he gave her up on condition that she would marry the object of her choice as soon as possible, and he would never molest them. He gave her $160, wished the blessing of God to rest upon her, and then he returned to his desolate hearth."

MORE SPIRITUAL MISCHIEF.

William Holmes, the Troy merchant, of the "spiritual" faith, who left his wife and ran away with an "affinity," has written a letter from Chicago to the Troy *Budget*, in which he says:

"To set at rest forever any supposition that I am a 'fugitive,' I will say at once that I am now in the city of Chicago, enjoying, not as the article in question would represent, the confidence and affection of *one* of my children, but the full confidence of *three* of them, and that unless a most cruel fortune deprives me of them, I expect to remain here, and by honest industry support them. That I have left my wife is most true, and that I never shall, under any circumstances, live with her again, is equally true. To do otherwise would be to throw away the only hope of peace of mind that is left to me. For eighteen years I have tried to secure my peace in married life. * * * It is thrown out, by way of foreclosing all defense on my part, that I am a Spiritualist. They hope by this cry of 'mad dog' to crush me at once. They quote my letters to prove it. Those letters prove that I have aspirations for a social life beyond that of the brutes—in a word, I am guilty of that most monstrous of heresics, 'believing that affection, love, and congeniality are indispensable to happiness in married life.' So be it. I can not change that opinion."

RECEPTION BY EX-PRESIDENT TYLER.

Ex-President Tyler gave an elegant reception to his friends last week, and "Villa Margarete" was thronged with a crowd of lively guests. Mr. Justice Wayne, of the United States Supreme Court, was among the guests. A correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*, who saw the ex-President at Old Point Comfort last week, says that he "is living a mile or two from that place, in a neat cottage, as I understand, with no pretensions to style or ceremony. He has grown somewhat older, of course, since I saw him last, in the White House, in 1841, but still walks with the ease and elasticity of a much younger man. By his side was his handsome wife. It is pleasant thus occasionally to see a practical illustration of the working of our republican system—a plain, elderly-looking man, who for nearly four years wielded the power and patronage of this great country, moves about among his fellows with not the slightest indication that he had ever been more than a plain farmer. When I saw him he was about starting home, after having been in the garrison looking upon the usual afternoon dress parade of the six companies of artillery—to-day increased to seven—stationed here. Whether the ex-President was himself interested in this military show, or only attended his wife on the occasion, I know not."

HOTEL LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Colonel J. W. Forney, of the Philadelphia *Press*, spent last Sunday in this city. Writing to his paper of New York hotel life, he says:

"I could conceive no greater punishment than to be forced to make a New York hotel my abode on this earth all the time. It is an institution to enjoy occasionally—as you enjoy a play or a ball—a sort of relief from the cares of business, or the monotony of everyday duty or moral quiet. I commiserate those who are forced to stay at home because they have 'nothing else to do.' I look with amazement upon those who make that which is an exceptional pleasure to me the delight of their lives. In speaking of the people at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, I refer not to the set now under its metallic roofs. If not the same Smiths and Browns, the same Joneses and Jenkinses all the year round, however, they are the same kind of people. I could almost swear that I saw that young lady on the sofa, with her white hands, and her red lips, and her gauzy blue dress, sitting against the crimson wall in these parlors to-day, twelve years ago at another of these hotel steamboats aground. The same kind of old men, with tight boots, and dyed hair, and boyish collars, like Major Pendennis; the same young fellows, industrious about their mustaches, which they grow to tease; the same Southerners, with black eyes, flowing locks, heavy canes, and stunning cigars; the same female hotel-faces in the great halls; the same aristocratic children in the great entries; the same cat-footed waiters; the same Irish servant-girls, beautiful, but as unapproachable as porcupines; the same gentlemen behind the offices; the same genteel politicians at the bar; the same perfumed barbers offering you infallible hair-oil to cure incurable baldness. All these are here to-day, under different names, it may be, but about as well known to me, and as familiar, and as much alike, as the hotel population I have seen in other days, when other great houses were novelties. Sunday in such company! Imagine it. I do not doubt that among all these mortals there are many good men and women; that many go to church and pray, and mean well; and that they are exemplary in every relation of life. But if you could see them at breakfast at 11 A.M., when Dr. Haws is preaching to his aristocratic hearers, in their velvet pews; at dinner at 4 P.M.; when afternoon service is in full operation; and at supper from 9 till 12 P.M., you would agree with me that they had left their piety at home, and brought only their purses and their appetites to New York."

THE LAST LADY FLOGGER.

A correspondent of the Barnstable *Patriot*, at West Dennis, Massachusetts, says, that "Mrs .P. Terry, of that place, having been somewhat slandered by one J. Baker, met him on the highway recently, and administered to him a severe flogging. As the slander only related to the alleged extravagance of Mrs. T. in having too much cloth in her dress, and too many adornments of gold, we take this opportunity to warn all bachelor friends and others to be careful even of the least imputation against the ladies of Cape Cod, lest it should result in a similar misfortune of being flogged. In the present instance, we understand that Mrs. Terry has the sympathy of the community in which she resides, and almost every one presents her with a dollar or less, not as a gift to the needy, but as a testimonial to show their appreciation of Mrs. Terry's heroism."

PERSONAL.

The Washington *Constitution* of Friday, in speaking of the arrival of General Scott in that city, says: "This veteran and illustrious officer, in his visits to this city, is always welcomed most cordially by the *élite* of the metropolis. He has been called upon by the members of the Diplomatic Corps now in the city, and most of our prominent citizens. He had a private interview with the President yesterday." We learn by telegraph that the General has been ordered to the scene of difficulties on the Pacific between General Harney and the British authorities at San Juan, whither he will repair with all possible dispatch.

Professor Agassiz was to embark at Liverpool, on his return home, last Saturday. His visit to Europe has been, in all respects, satisfactory. He was received in the most cordial manner by the scientific men of England, France, and Switzerland. He has passed most of his time among his relatives in Switzerland; but during his absence has made purchases for the Museum of Natural History. Professor Agassiz will reopen his school for young ladies at Cambridge in October.

The fathers of two of the young ladies swindled by Leslie, *alias* Johnson, have published a card in the Philadelphia papers, in which they say that there were only nine victims, and not fifteen, as represented, and that none of the ladies are missing.

Mr. Horace H. Day, of India-rubber immortality, has invented elastic suspenders for ladies, so that they may hang their petticoats from their shoulders, instead of fastening them about their hips. A good thing, we dare say.

The North Adams tragedy of May last, which caused the death of Miss Mattie Butler under the most painful circumstances, has had another victim. On Saturday last Charles Butler, father of the unfortunate young lady, died of grief. Since the fatal day he had been gradually pining away, until death came to his aid.

Mr. Senator Douglas has written the following letter to Mrs. Lucy Stone, which is made public through the columns of the Bath (Maine) *Sentinel*:

"Washington, *July* 14, 1859.

"*Mrs. Lucy Stone*:

"Dear Madam,—Your kind letter of the 8th instant, wishing me to be present at a Convention of the ladies of the Northwest, to be convened at Chicago on the 12th of September next, to devise measures for the promotion of the happiness, and protection of the interests and rights of the female sex, has just been laid before me. You are right, dear madam, when you say that I take a deep interest in all that concerns the ladies of our great and glorious country. And I need not now, after so many years of faithful labor in the cause of Popular Sovereignty, assure you that you have, in your endeavors to obtain the liberty of governing yourselves in your own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States, the full confidence of my undivided sympathy. I regret, dear madam, that business of great importance will prevent me from being present at your Convention.

"I have the honor to remain, etc.,

"S. A. Douglas."

The following distinguished Costa Ricans have arrived at the Astor Place Hotel in this city, viz.: Juan Rafael Mora, President of the Republic, from which he has just been expelled in consequence of a revolutionary movement there; C. Medina, Manuel Arguello, C. Medina, Jun., and A. Bronilla; also Sebastian Lorento Onijos and Manuel M. Galvez of Peru.

There are in Massachusetts five Unitarian clergymen who have been settled over their charges for upward of half a century, viz.: Rev. Joseph Richardson of Hingham, settled in 1806; Charles Lowell, D.D., of Boston, settled in 1807; Rev. Abraham Gushee, of Dighton, settled in 1807; Charles Wellington, D.D., of Templeton, settled in 1807; Samuel Willard, D.D., of Deerfield, who is eighty-four years of age.

George Klink was recently lynched at Lafayette, Indiana, by a party of men, for ill-treating his child. He received one hundred lashes from a rope's end, after which he was released.

An economical couple from Iowa arrived at Alexandria, Missouri, a few days ago, to get married. The groom had neither hat, coat, nor vest; but Judge Spencer kindly loaned him those needed garments, and then tied the knot for them. When the ceremony was over the groom told the "Squire" that he "hadn't a red," but would like to trade him a pet wolf if they could agree on the terms. The "Squire" took the varmint and gave the happy bridegroom a dollar boot.

Over $100 was raised among the officers at head-quarters at Camp Massachusetts in aid of the soldier who was crippled for life by an accident which occurred in getting out of the cars. The Commander-in-Chief subscribed a very liberal sum.

Private letters from Tuscany mention the alarming illness of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the English poetess. She went to Italy during the war, from her deep interest in the cause of Italian independence, and her disappointment at the peace greatly aggravated her previous illness. She is now declared out of danger.

Madame Miramon has blessed her lord with an heir, and the little fellow was baptized in the Grand Cathedral of Mexico on the 18th ult. with great ceremony.

A recent letter says: "Paris is just now a sort of Pennsylvania Avenue, full of political faces. Mr. Seward is here; Mr. Sumner is here; Mr. Winthrop, of Boston, father and son, with their wives. General M'Dowell, of St. Louis, who has recently resigned the Consul Generalship at Constantinople, because the richest government in the world can not afford to pay its servants a salary which will enable them to live, is also here."

Information has just been received at the State Department from our Minister at Berlin, Mr. Wright, that Christian Ernst, an American naturalized citizen, who had been compelled by force to enter the Hanoverian army, has, upon the remonstrance of our government, been discharged from the service.

The Kingston *Daily News* is authorized to state that Mr. Gibbs and Sir H. Holland visit Canada for their own pleasure, and not to prepare the way for the Prince's journey. Mr. Gibbs, who was formerly, but is not now, the Prince's tutor, is brother of the Messrs. Gibbs, of Oshawa. Sir Henry Holland is a celebrated London physician, who married a daughter of the Rev. Sydney Smith. The lady edited her father's correspondence and posthumous works. We shall be glad to welcome these visitors, as we should any intelligent Englishmen who have enterprise enough to abandon the Rhine to the cockneys and seek a new route of travel; but must protest against the flunkeyism of the *News*, who says that they will "honor Western Canada with a visit after going up the Ottawa." Nobody under the rank of a prince can honor a million and a half of people.

They have a flying-machine man out West, a Mr. D. M. Cook, of Mansfield, Ohio. He publishes a card to the following effect:

"I am now engaged in the construction of a house to carry on, and complete my great design—the air-ship—and hope, by the spring of 1860, to have my favorite model aerial car, *Queen of the Air*, perfected. By this invention I expect to navigate the air at will with an inconceivable velocity. The car will be twelve feet long and four and a half feet in its equatorial diameter, and of a true pointed ellipse; and will be elevated, propelled, and directed solely by the force of the electric engine, without hydrogen gas, steam, fans, or rudders. I confidently expect to finish my experiments during the coming winter; and next summer, if successful, will make a voyage to San Francisco, breakfasting here, dining there, and returning the same day for supper, making the entire trip in about twelve hours! Such is the kind of motor agency which has occupied my attention. As to its feasibility, I will leave the world to judge for itself when this statement shall have been practically demonstrated."

The Philadelphia *North American* learns that the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, who has been for several months under the care of a skillful oculist, in Philadelphia, has so far recovered his eyesight, that he has relinquished his design of seeking medical advice in Europe, and will soon return to Washington to resume his professional labors.

The Rochester *Democrat* has the following dispatch relative to Shields, who was going to attempt a Sam Patch jumping feat at Niagara Falls:

"Shields, in company with a young man, named Andrew Frank, went in a boat to the scene of the intended exploit, for the purpose of making some explorations. Shields divested himself of his clothing, and swam from the shore to the middle of the river, to ascertain the strength and direction of the currents that prevail, and had proceeded some distance, when he was caught in a whirlpool, from which he could not extricate himself. He called for Frank to bring the boat, but before he could be reached the unfortunate man was ingulfed, and his late companion saw him no more. The body had not been found when our informant left Suspension Bridge last evening."

Mr. Coleman, of the International Hotel, Niagara Falls, last Wednesday was caned by his own waiters. He was asked to go into the dining-room, where about fifty of the waiters were seated. The band in attendance played a tune, and then the head waiter tapped a bell: the waiters rose, and, passing the cane from hand to hand, each said, "I present;" and, coming into the head waiter's hands, he presented to Mr. Coleman in a pretty speech. The head waiter, Mr. Casley, was presented with a gold ring by his assistants.

The library of the late Baron de Humboldt, bequeathed by him to his old valet, has been purchased for 40,000 thalers (£6000), the Vienna journals state, by Lord Bloomfield, Minister of England at Berlin.

The Albany *Journal* states that, by the recent decease of the Dean of Ripon, in England, the Hon. John Q. Wilson, of that city, becomes the last survivor of the party of cabin passengers who accompanied Robert Fulton in his first steamboat journey from New York to Albany.

The Louisville *Courier* says the death of Robert Wickliffe will render necessary the return of Colonel Preston, now at the Court of Madrid. The estate of Mr. Wickliffe is enormous, and Mrs. Preston, the wife of our Minister, is one of the three heirs who inherit the whole. The share of Mrs. Preston, added to the present fortune of her husband, will make Colonel Preston one of the richest men in the country.

De Lave's final walk over Genesee Falls took place on Saturday. He now retires from Rochester, to cross next at Seneca Falls, where he proposes to stretch his rope over a deep gorge.

Leigh Hunt, the popular author, died in London on the 28th of August, in the 75th year of his age. He had been in a declining state of health for a considerable time.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "GREAT EASTERN" GOING TO PORTLAND.

The directors of the company owning the *Great Eastern* have declined Mr. Lever's amended offer to charter her, and their original programme is to be carried out. The ship had been closed to the public, and was to leave the Thames in a day or two. The receipts from visitors during the few days she was open to the public exceeded £4000. Few or no policies of insurance had been taken out on the ship at Lloyds, the underwriters being generally unwilling to transact business until the completion of the trial trip. There were some anxious to see the ship safe out of the Thames, but those in charge of her entertained no fears on the subject.

FRANCE.

COUNT DE MORNY'S GREAT SPEECH.

M. de Morny, President of the Corps Legislatif of France, and Chairman of the Council General of the Department of Puy de Dôme, has delivered a speech to that body, which, in the absence of other indications of the intentions of the Government, has created great interest. He said: "You have participated, gentlemen, in the enthusiasm excited by our victories—you have shared in the unanimous gratitude of France for the great moderation of the Emperor. But you find it difficult to understand how his Majesty's evident desire to prevent a European conflagration can have caused in England the newspaper articles, the parliamentary speeches, and the warlike preparations of which so much has been said. You know, without doubt, by means of what logic the English explain their apprehensions. They say, 'Our press is free—the French press is not so; therefore, insults have not the same importance in one as in the other.' That is quite an error. There is in France no means of preventing a journal from publishing what seems to it right—the government is only armed against the press with the power of warning and of suspension, which are repressive measures.

THE EMPEROR DOESN'T WANT TO AVENGE WATERLOO.

"The English add: 'The Emperor retains at the bottom of his heart the desire to avenge Waterloo and St. Helena. He only concluded peace with the Emperor of Russia in order to make him an ally; he has been generous to the Emperor of Austria only to make a friend of him also, and with that double alliance he intends to attack England.' I do not think it inopportune to tell you what I think on that subject. We live at a period when the hatreds of castes and families have succumbed from the increased mildness of manners, and at which national hatred and prejudice have been effaced by civilization. The new generation have something else to do than avenge the past; they are too enlightened to act on any other motive than the interest of the present and the future. The Emperor and the present generation of Frenchmen are not of those of whom it can be said, 'They have learned nothing and forgotten nothing.' As for the generous proceedings between the three Emperors, to ascribe them to the speculative object indicated above, is it not to reduce to the proportions of a paltry theatrical intrigue the regulation of the great interests of Europe, and to degrade the elevated sentiments which God has placed in the heart of a sovereign for the welfare of humanity?

HE WILL MAINTAIN PEACE AT ALL HAZARDS.

"Assuredly, I am better able than any other to appreciate the loyal fidelity of the Emperor and his pacific intentions; for when he did me the honor to send me to Russia to draw closer the relations between the two empires, the part of my instructions which dominated every other was this: 'Do not allow any encroachment to be made on the English alliance; and, far from endeavoring to divide the great Powers, on the contrary, point out that if they had the good sense to unite and to come to an understanding, all the paltry difficulties which arise in Europe may be solved peaceably.' Need I recall to your memory the incidents which preceded the war with Austria, in order to prove that the Emperor Napoleon, while desiring to free Italy, and to disengage the frontier of France from Austrian pressure, would have preferred attaining that object by a congress rather than by a war? The number and the state of our army at the moment when the ultimatum of Austria was issued prove this. And if the statesmen of England who now consider that enough has not been done for the Italians had consented before the war to express the sympathies which they now manifest, it is to be presumed that the affairs of Italy would have been regulated by diplomacy. I repeat that, after all the Emperor has done and said, to suspect him of preparing in the dark, without any other motive than ancient enmity, an enterprise which would throw into confusion the gravest interests in the world, and would be the most fatal blow to civilization, is to doubt his word and his heart as a sovereign and a man."

THE SORT OF WARS FRANCE WILL WAGE.

After a good-natured suggestion that perhaps the attempts which have been made by certain newspapers and speakers in England to excite distrust of France, were only inspired by the desire of the one to increase their circulation, and of the other to gain popularity, Count de Morny went on to say:

"Time, and the determination of the Emperor to lead France into the occupations and labors of peace, will, I doubt not, triumph over chimerical fears! That, gentlemen, is the sort of war which we must wage with England. Let us resolutely terminate our means of conveyance and of circulation; let us put them in communication with our coal-pits; let us reduce the cost price of all raw materials and of all our manufactured articles; let us imitate the English in what we are deficient in; let us gain strength from the spirit of association without continually requiring the support of the Government; let us endeavor to conquer, and by prudent use preserve, the liberties which make a man absolute master of his own welfare, and which have no other limits than the wrong done to others. Yes, let us make on England a manufacturing and commercial war—a conflict of progress and civilization, loyal, avowable, and which will be advantageous to all. That is what the Emperor desires; let us second his efforts. Already is the amnesty a work of pacification which is the prelude of the system into which we are about to enter. Let us hope that it will be so understood by every body, especially by those who are the object of it."

HOW THE EMPEROR GAVE PARIS GOOD GAS.

The Emperor Napoleon, says the Boston *Transcript*, has his own way of dealing with difficulties, whether social, municipal, or international—as may be seen by his treatment of the gas companies of his capital. Finding, four or five years ago, that the Parisians complained of the character and price of the gas which was served to them, he caused some gas-works to be built in the grounds of the palace at St. Cloud, and fitted with the necessary apparatus for the manufacture of that important article. Then, under his own superintendence, assisted by several eminent chemists and scientific men, he caused experiments in the manufacture of gas from all the various materials, from the cheapest to the dearest, to be made. When he had tried the different kinds in the palace, and had figured up the cost to his satisfaction, he invited the directors of the Parisian gas companies to visit St. Cloud and inspect the results of his experiments. The effect in Paris was most satisfactory. The people have now no cause to complain of their gas, which costs them but about one-half what it did when the Imperial Jack of all trades commenced gas-making.

SWITZERLAND.

THE ZURICH CONFERENCE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times*, writing on the 30th, says: "Things are going on so badly at Zurich as to render the dissolution of the conference in a very few days probable. A Congress of war seems to be the only alternative, a Congress which Austria is decidedly opposed to, and which will have as little success as this conference."

The designation to be given to the new kingdom has been discussed at Zurich. Austria is willing that Victor Emanuel should be known as King of Sardinia and Lombardy, but will not consent that he should describe himself as King of Upper Italy.

A dispatch from Zurich, dated August 31, says: "Private conferences have continued to take place between the Plenipotentiaries for the last three days. The representatives of France and Austria have daily conferred together. Yesterday there was a meeting of the French and Sardinian Plenipotentiaries."

ITALY.

GARIBALDI'S RECEPTION AT PARMA.

A letter from Parma gives some details of General Garibaldi's reception in that city:

"The people and the National Guard were waiting for him at the railway station; the crowd was excited to such a degree that they took the horses from his carriage, and drew him in triumph from street to street through the town, amidst showers of bouquets; and, not content with this, on reaching his hotel he was compelled to address the people from the balcony, which he did as follows:

"'After this demonstration, say is it possible that the fugitive princes can ever return?' 'No, it is impossible!' was the unanimous response. 'Well, then,' added the General, 'I swear to you by this sword that if ever they dare attempt to consign you again to servitude, we shall know how to defend ourselves to the last gasp. We ask no favors from any quarter; we only want our rights like other nations, and, with the help of Heaven, we will have them at any cost, since diplomacy is endeavoring to deprive us of them.'"

THE ITALIANS TO BE PROTECTED BY FRANCE.

Count Lymuty, Mayor of Parma, issued a proclamation on his return from Paris. Napoleon, in addressing him, used the following words: "Tell the populations that have sent you to me that my army shall never do violence to their wishes, and that I will not permit any other foreign force to commit violence against you." The Count adds: "These words make you the arbiters of your destinies."

GARIBALDI'S SYSTEM.

Garibaldi has resolved to maintain in the army of Central Italy the same spirit of order and discipline that distinguished the Chasseurs of the Alps. In an order of the day he says: "I will cause to be shot any one who calls himself a Mazzinian, a republican, a socialist, or even a Garibaldian. I will have none with me but soldiers and Italians."

REFORMS AT ROME.

The Roman correspondent of the *Morning Post*, in a letter dated the 13th ult., says: "Concessions of a more important nature than a mere change in the Presidency of the Council of State, or a complete transformation of the Council itself, are expected to be promulgated within a day or two. The Government printing-offices in the Quirinal Palace are hard at work in the preparation of the long-desired *motu-proprio*, which is to announce to Rome and Italy the conditions upon which the Supreme Pontiff has consented to join the Confederation. The printers have been obliged to take an oath of secrecy, and every precaution is observed to prevent any revelation of the text of this document before the day of its publication, which is expected to be on Monday, the 15th; but rumors are of course afloat, and among other heads the most accredited are those of a general, but not quite unlimited, amnesty—administrative and financial reforms—an army of 25,000 men, 15,000 of whom in active service, and 10,000 in reserve for federal duty. The provinces to be divided into five legations, having their seats of governments at Bologna, Forl or Pesaro, Macerata, Perugia, and Velletri, each to be presided over by a Cardinal with lay delegates. Nothing very much more extended than this can be hoped for from the Papal Government unless under greater pressure than the Emperor Napoleon appears inclined to apply just now, and therefore it is very probable that the above conjectures are not far from the truth."

CANADA.

REMOVAL OF THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

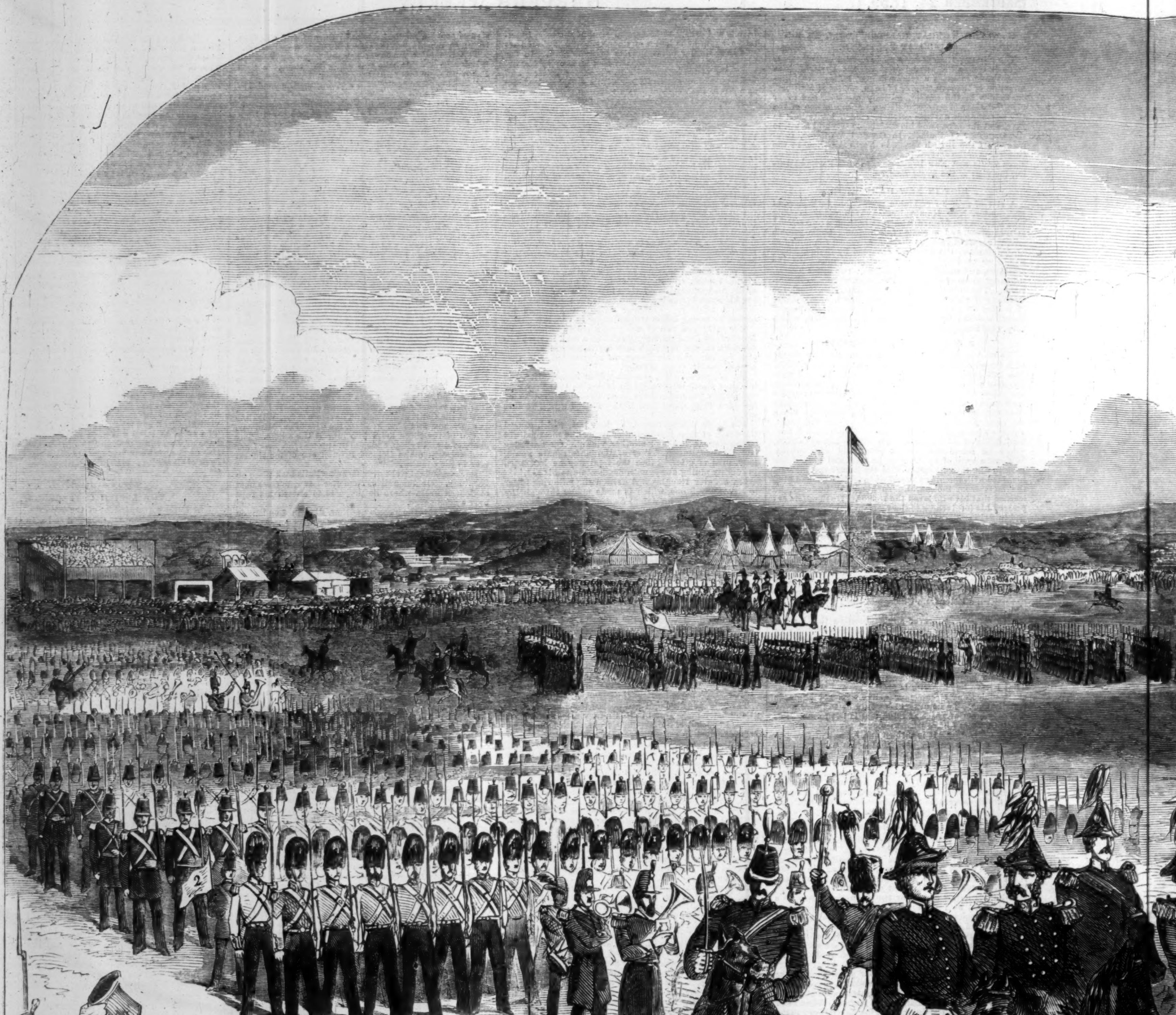
The Toronto *Leader* of Wednesday says: "To-day his Excellency the Governor-General, his family and staff, leave Toronto for Quebec, the ancient as well as the present capital of Canada. Two or three ministers may remain a few days longer, and perhaps a stray member of the Government may not depart till the end of the month. But with the departure of the Governor-General Toronto ceases to be the capital of the Province, and Quebec rises to the importance which that position is capable of conferring upon it."

We learn by telegraph that the Government have moved bodily to Quebec.

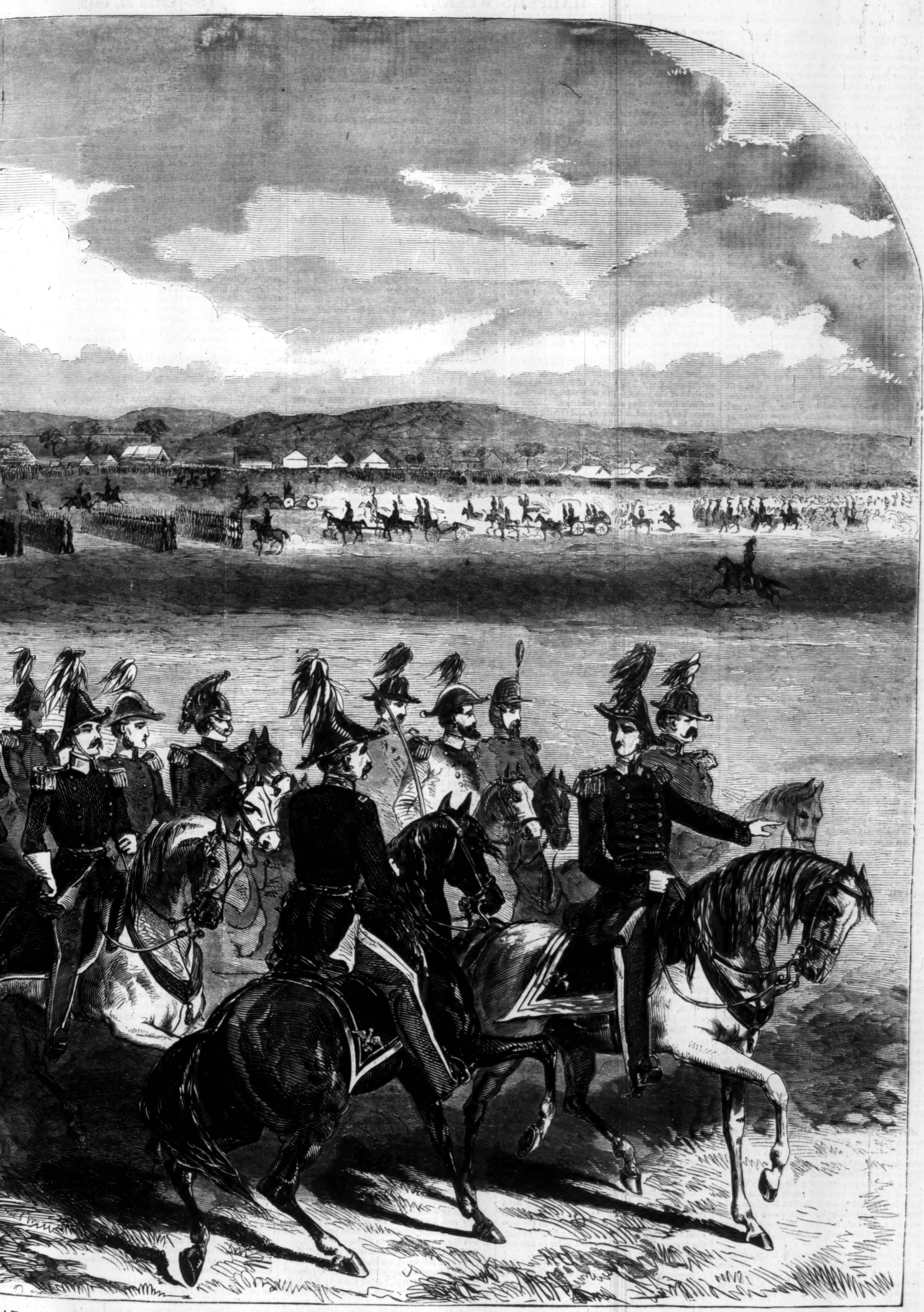
CENTRAL AMERICA.

A REVOLUTION IN COSTA RICA.

A revolution has taken place in Costa Rica. President Mora was seized while in bed, and carried off to Guatemala. He was accompanied by his brother, General Mora, and his Minister, Canas. Señor Martelleagro was chosen provisional President of Costa Rica. Lorenzo Salazar, commander of the troops at San José, was the chief of the conspirators. President Mora arrived in this city in the *North Star*.



THE GRAND REVIEW AT CAMP MASSACHUSETTS, NEA



AR CONCORD, SEPTEMBER 9, 1859.—[See next Page.]

CAMP MASSACHUSETTS.

WE engrave herewith a fine picture of Camp Massachusetts—in other words, the general muster of the Massachusetts militia, which took place near Concord on 7th, 8th, and 9th instant. We alluded in our last number to the assembling of the troops; our picture completes the history of the event.

The evolution selected for illustration by our artist is the grand detour executed by the militia before Governor Banks, General Wool, and the magistracy and Legislature of the State. The Governor will be seen, mounted on his famous Morgan horse, in the back-ground of the picture, near the flag-staff. On his right sits General Wool; around him are the Senate and other public bodies; in his rear are the Cadets, his personal body-guard. The militia—6000 in number—are slowly defiling before him, in a column so long that an hour elapses before the last of them pass any given point. The group of horsemen shown in the foreground of our picture are Major-General Sutton and the staff, who are followed by a brass band and the Boston Fusileers.

The scene was so vast that no picture could give a satisfactory view of its *ensemble*. The troops, as we have said, were 6000 in number; there were, it is estimated, not less than 50,000 spectators on the ground, comprising every station and grade in society, from the aristocrats of Boston to knaves, gamblers, and black-legs. To the credit of the Boston police be it said, that no excesses were committed during the encampment.

We have not space for the speeches of General Wool and Governor Banks, who expressed, as well they might, their satisfaction at the splendid spectacle. May it be renewed from year to year, and may the Massachusetts militia always present as fine an appearance as they did on the 9th!

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," ETC.

[From Advance Sheets, direct from the Author.]

CHAPTER XXII.—*Continued.*

GHYSBRECHT VAN SWIETEN could not sleep all night for anxiety. He was afraid of thunder and lightning, or he would have made one of the party that searched Peter's house. As soon as the storm ceased altogether he crept down stairs, saddled his mule, and rode to the Three Kings at Sevenbergen. There he found his men sleeping, some on the chairs, some on the tables, some on the floor. He roused them furiously, and heard the story of their unsuccessful search, interlarded with praises of their zeal.

"Fool! to let you go without me," cried the Burgomaster. "My life on't he was there all the time. Looked ye under the girl's bed?"

"No: there was no room for a man there."

"How know ye that if ye looked not?" snarled Ghysbrecht. "Ye should have looked under her bed, and in it too; and sounded all the panels with your knives. Come, now, get up, and I shall show ye how to search."

Dierich Brower got up and shook himself: "If you find him call me a horse and no man."

In a few minutes Peter's house was again surrounded.

The fiery old man left his mule in the hands of Jorian Ketel, and, with Dierich Brower and the others, entered the house.

The house was empty!

Not a creature to be seen, not even Peter. They went up stairs, and then suddenly one of the men gave a shout, and pointed through Peter's window, which was open. The others looked, and there, at some little distance, walking quietly across the fields with Margaret and Martin, was the man they sought. Ghysbrecht, with an exulting yell, descended the stairs, and flung himself on his mule; and he and his men set off in hot pursuit.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GERARD, warned by recent peril, rose before daybreak, and waked Martin. The old soldier was astonished. He thought Gerard had escaped by the window last night. Being consulted as to the best way for him to leave the country and elude pursuit, he said there was but one road safe. "I must guide you through the great forest to a bridle road I know of. This will take you speedily to a hostelry, where they will lend you a swift horse; and then an hour's gallop will take you out of Holland. But let us start ere the folk here quit their beds."

Peter's house was but a furlong and a half from the forest. They started, Martin with his bow and three arrows, for it was Thursday; Gerard with nothing but a stout oak staff Peter gave him for the journey.

Margaret pinned up her kirtle and farthingale, for the road was wet. Peter went as far as his garden hedge with them, and then, with more emotion than he often bestowed on passing events, gave the young man his blessing.

The sun was peeping above the horizon as they crossed the stony field and made for the wood. They had crossed about half when Margaret, who kept nervously looking back every now and then, uttered a cry, and, following her instinct, began to run toward the wood, screaming with terror all the way.

Ghysbrecht and his men were in hot pursuit.

Resistance would have been madness. Martin and Gerard followed Margaret's example. The pursuers gained slightly on them; but Martin kept shouting, "Only gain the wood! only gain the wood!"

They had too good a start for the men on foot, and their hearts bounded with hope at Martin's words, for the great trees seemed now to stretch their branches like friendly arms toward them, and their leaves like a screen.

But an unforeseen danger burst on them. The fiery old Burgomaster had flung himself on his mule, and spurring him to a gallop, he headed not his own men only, but the fugitives. His object was to cut them off. The old man came galloping in a semicircle, and got on the edge of the wood, right in front of Gerard: the others might escape for aught he cared.

Margaret shrieked twice; but only once for Gerard.

Ghysbrecht in his ardor had forgotten that hunted animals turn on the hunter; and that two men can hate, and two can long to kill the thing they hate.

Instead of attempting to dodge him, as the Burgomaster thought he would, Gerard flew right at him with a savage, exulting cry, and struck at him with all his heart and soul and strength. The oak staff came down on his face with a frightful crash, and laid him under his mule's tail, beating the devil's tattoo with his heels, his face streaming, and his collar spattered with blood.

The next moment the three were in the wood. The yell of dismay and vengeance that burst from Ghysbrecht's men at that terrible blow which felled their leader, told the fugitives that it was a race for life or death.

"Why run?" cried Gerard, panting. "You have your bow, and I have this;" and he shook his bloody staff.

"Boy!" roared Martin. "THE GALLOWS! Follow me!" and he fled into the wood. Soon they heard a cry like a pack of hounds opening on sight of the game. The men were in the wood and saw them flitting among the trees. Margaret moaned and panted as she ran; and Gerard clenched his teeth and grasped his staff. The next minute they came to a stiff hazel coppice. Martin dashed into it and shouldered the young wood aside as if it was but standing corn.

Ere they had gone fifty yards in it they came to four blind paths.

Martin took one. "Bend low," said he; and, half creeping, they glided along. Presently their path was again intersected with other little tortuous paths. They took one of them; it seemed to lead back, but it soon took a turn, and after a while brought them to a thick pine grove where the walking was good and hard; there were no paths here, and the young fir-trees were so thick you could not see three yards before your nose.

When they had gone some way in this, Martin sat down, and accustomed to lose all impression of danger with the danger itself, took a piece of bread and a slice of ham out of his wallet and began quietly to eat his breakfast.

The young ones looked at him with dismay. He replied to their looks,

"All Sevenbergen could not find you now; you will lose your purse, Gerard, long before you get to Italy; is that the way to carry a purse?"

Gerard looked, and there was a large triangular purse, entangled by its chains to the buckle and strap of his wallet.

"This is none of mine," said he. "What is in it, I wonder?" and he tried to detach it: but in passing through the coppice it had become inextricably entangled in his strap and buckle. "It seems loth to leave me," said Gerard, and he had to cut it loose with his knife. The purse, on examination, proved to be well provided with silver coins of all sizes, but its bloated appearance was greatly owing to a number of pieces of brown paper folded and doubled. A light burst on Gerard. "Why it must be that old thief's: and see! stuffed with paper to deceive the world!"

The wonder was how the Burgomaster's purse came on Gerard.

They hit at last upon the right solution. The purse must have been at Ghysbrecht's saddle-bow, and Gerard, rushing at his enemy, had unconsciously torn it away, thus felling his enemy and robbing him with a single gesture.

Gerard was delighted at this feat, but Margaret was uneasy.

"Throw it away, Gerard, or let Martin take it back. Already they call you a thief. I can not bear it."

"Throw it away—give it him back? not a stiver. This is spoil, lawfully won in battle from an enemy. Is it not, Martin?"

"Why, of course. Send him back the brown paper an you will; but the purse or the coin—that were a sin."

"Oh, Gerard!" said Margaret, "you are going to a distant land. We need the good-will of Heaven. How can we hope for that if we take what is not ours."

But Gerard saw it in a different light.

"It is Heaven that gives it me by a miracle, and I shall cherish it accordingly," said this pious youth. "Thus the favored people spoiled the Egyptians, and we have done."

"Take your own way," said Margaret, humbly, "you are wiser than I am. You are my husband," added she, in a low, murmuring voice; "is it for me to gainsay you?"

These humble words from Margaret, who, till that day, had held the whip hand, rather surprised Martin for the moment. They recurred to him some time afterward, and then they surprised him less.

Gerard kissed her tenderly in return for her wife-like docility, and they pursued their journey hand in hand, Martin leading the way, into the depths of the huge forest. The farther they went the more absolutely secure from pursuit they felt. Indeed, the townspeople never ventured so far as this into the trackless part of the forest.

Yet they went sadly.

Impetuous natures repent quickly. Gerard was no sooner out of all danger, than his conscience began to prick him.

"Martin, would I had not struck quite so hard."

"Whom? Oh! let that pass; he is cheap served."

"Martin, I saw his gray hairs as my stick fell on him. I doubt I shall not get them out of my sight this while."

Martin grunted. "Who spares a badger for his gray hairs. The grayer your enemy is, the older; and the older the craftier, and the craftier the better for a little killing."

"Killing? Killing, Martin? Don't speak of killing;" and Gerard shook all over.

"I am very much mistaken if you have not," said Martin, cheerfully.

"Now Heaven forbid!"

"The old vagabond's skull cracked like a walnut. Aha?"

"God and all the saints forbid it!"

"He rolled off his mule like a stone shot out of a cart. Said I to myself, 'There is one wiped out!'" And the iron old soldier grinned ruthlessly.

Gerard fell on his knees, and began to pray for his enemy's life.

At this Martin lost patience. "Here's mummery. What, you that set up for learning, know you not that a wise man never strikes his enemy but to kill him? And what is all this coil about killing of old men? If it had been a young one, now, with the joys of life waiting for him—to wit, wine, women, and pillage—but an old fellow at the edge of the grave, why *not* shove him in? Go, he must, to-day or to-morrow; and what better place for graybeards? Now, if ever I should be so mischancy as to last so long as Ghysbrecht did, and have to go on a mule's legs instead of Martin Wittenhaagen's, and a back like this (striking the wood of his bow), instead of this (striking the string), I'll thank and bless any young fellow who will have the charity and the friendship to knock me on the head, as you have done that old shop-keeper, malediction on his memory!"

"Oh, culpa mea! culpa mea!" cried Gerard, and smote upon his breast.

"Look, there," said Martin to Margaret, scornfully, "*he is a priest at heart, still:* and, when he is not in ire, St. Paul, what a milk-sop!"

"Tush, Martin!" cried Margaret, reproachfully: then sinking on her knees, she wreathed her arms round Gerard, and comforted him with the double magic of a woman's sense and a woman's voice.

"Sweet-heart," murmured she, "you forget: you went not a step out of the way to harm him who hunted you to your death. You fled from him. He it was who spurred on you. Then did you strike but in self-defense, and a single blow, and with that which was in your hand. Malice had drawn knife, or struck again and again. How often have men been smitten with staves, not one, but many, many blows, yet no lives lost. If, then, your enemy has fallen, it is through his own malice, not yours, and by the will of God."

"Bless you, Margaret, bless you, for thinking so!"

"Yes, but, beloved one; if you have had the *misfortune* to kill that wicked man the more need is there that you fly with haste from Holland. Oh! let us on."

"Nay, Margaret," said Gerard. "I fear not man's vengeance, thanks to Martin here, and this thick wood: only Him I fear whose eye pierces the forest and reads the heart of man. If I but struck in self-defense, 'tis well; but if in hate, he may bid the avenger of blood follow me to Italy; to Italy? ay, to earth's remotest bounds."

"Hush!" said Martin, peevishly. "I can't hear for your chat."

"What is it?"

"Do you hear nothing, Margaret? My ears are getting old."

Margaret listened, and presently she heard a tuneful sound, like a single stroke upon a deep ringing bell. She described it so to Martin.

"Nay, I heard it," said he.

"And so did I," said Gerard: "it was beautiful: Ah! there it is again. How sweetly it blends with the air. It is a long way off. It is before us; is it not?"

"No, no! the echoes of this wood confound the ear of a stranger. It comes from the pine grove."

"What, the one we passed?"

"The one we passed."

"Why, Martin, is this *any thing?* You look pale."

"Wonderful!" said Martin, with a sickly sneer. "He asks me is it *any thing?*"

"Come, on, on! at any rate, let us reach a better place than this."

"A better place—for what?"

"To stand at bay, Gerard," said Martin, gravely; "and die like soldiers, killing three for one."

"What's that sound?"

"IT IS THE AVENGER OF BLOOD."

"Oh, Martin, save him! Oh, Heaven, be merciful! What new, mysterious peril is this?"

"GIRL, IT'S A BLOOD-HOUND!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE courage, like the talent, of common men runs in a narrow groove. Take them but an inch out of that and they are done. Martin's courage was perfect as far as it went. He had met and baffled many dangers in the course of his rude life, and these familiar dangers he could face with Spartan fortitude, almost with indifference: but he had never been hunted by a blood-hound; nor had he ever seen that brute's unerring instinct baffled by human cunning. Here, then, a sense of the supernatural combined with novelty to unsteel his heart. After going a few steps he leaned on his bow, and energy and hope oozed out of him. Gerard, to whom the danger appeared slight in proportion as it was distant, urged him to flight.

"What avails it?" said Martin, sadly; "if we get clear of the wood we shall die cheap; here, hard by, I know a place where we may die dear."

"Alas! good Martin," cried Gerard; "despair not so quickly; there must be some way to escape."

"Oh, Martin!" cried Margaret. "What if we were to part company? Gerard's life alone is forfeit: is there no way to draw the pursuit on us twain, and let him go safe?"

"Girl, you know not the blood-hound's nature. He is not on this man's track, or that; he is on the track of blood. My life on't, they have taken him to where Ghysbrecht fell, and from Ghysbrecht's blood to the man that shed it that cursed hound will lead them, though Gerard should run through an army, or swim the Meuse." And again he leaned upon his bow, and his head sank.

The hound's mellow voice rang through the wood.

A cry more tunable
Was never halloed to, nor cheered with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, or in Thessaly.

Strange that things beautiful should be terrible and deadly. The eye of the boa constrictor while fascinating its prey is lovely. No royal crown holds such a jewel; it is a ruby with the emerald's green light playing ever upon it. Yet the deer that sees it loses all power of motion, and trembles, and awaits his death; and even so to compare hearing with sight, this sweet and mellow sound seemed to fascinate Martin Wittenhaagen. He stood uncertain, bewildered, and unnerved. Gerard was little better now. Martin's last words had daunted him. He had struck an old man and shed his blood, and by means of that very blood blood's four-footed avenger was on his track. Was not the finger of Heaven in this?

While the men were thus benumbed the woman's brain was all activity. The man she loved was in danger.

"Lend me your knife," said she to Martin. He gave it her.

"But 'twill be little use in your hands," said he.

Then Margaret did a sly thing. She stepped behind Gerard, and furtively drew the knife across her arm, and made it bleed freely: then stooping, smeared her hose and shoes; and still as the blood trickled she smeared them; but so adroitly that neither Gerard nor Martin saw. Then she seized the soldier's arm.

"Come, be a man!" she said, haughtily, "and let this end. Take us to some thick place, where numbers will not avail our foes."

"I am going," said Martin, sulkily. "Hurry avails not: we can't shun the hound, and the place is hard by;" then turning to the left, he led the way, as men go to execution.

He soon brought them to a thick hazel coppice, like the one that had favored their escape in the morning.

"There," said he, "this is but a furlong broad, but it will serve our turn."

"What are we to do?"

"Get through this and wait on the other side: then, as they come straggling through, shoot three, knock two on the head, and the rest will kill us."

"Is that all you can think of?" said Gerard.

"That is all."

"Then, Martin Wittenhaagen, I take the lead; for you have lost your head. Come, can you obey so young a man as I am?"

"Oh! yes, Martin," cried Margaret, "do not gainsay Gerard! He is wiser than his years."

Martin gave a sullen assent, and they entered the thick coppice.

Then Gerard, with his great hunting-knife, cut the young hazels as he went and put them across their track, high up, so as to make the passage more difficult to their human pursuers; but he kept the foot-track as clear as he could so as not to impede the blood-hound. Martin, by his order, did the same. When they had thus painfully traveled through half the brush-wood the blood-hound's deep bay came nearer and nearer, louder and louder.

Margaret trembled.

Martin went down on his stomach and listened.

"I hear a horse's feet."

"No," said Gerard. "I doubt it is a mule's. That cursed Ghysbrecht is still alive: none other would follow me up so bitterly."

"Never strike your enemy but to slay him," said Martin, gloomily.

"I'll hit harder this time if Heaven gives me the chance," said Gerard.

At last they worked through the coppice, and there was an open wood. The trees were large, but far apart, and no escape possible that way.

And now with the hound's bay mingled a score of voices, hooping and hallooing.

"The whole village is out after us," said Martin.

"I care not," said Gerard. "Listen, Martin! I have made the way rough to the men, and smooth to the hound. What follows? The hound will gain on the men, and, as soon as he comes out of the coppice, we will kill him."

"The hound? There are more than one!"

"I hear but one."

"Ay! but one speaks, the others run mute; but let the leading hound lose the scent, then another shall give tongue. There will be three dogs at least or devils in dogs' hides."

"Then we must kill three instead of one. The moment they are dead, into the coppice again, and go right back."

"That is a good thought, Gerard!" said Martin, lifting his head.

"Hush! the men are in the wood."

Gerard now gave his orders in a whisper.

"Stand you with your bow by the side of the coppice—there, in the ditch! I will go but a few yards to yon oak-tree and hide behind it; the dogs will follow me, and, as they come out, shoot as many as you can, the rest will I brain as they come round the tree."

Martin's eye flashed. They took up their places.

The hooping and hallooing came closer and closer, and even the rustling of the young wood was heard, and every now and then the unerring blood-hound gave a single bay.

Oh! it was terrible! the branches rustling nearer and nearer, and the inevitable struggle for life and death coming on minute by minute, and that death-knell leading it. A trembling hand was laid on Gerard's shoulder. It made him start violently.

"Martin says if we are forced to part company make for that high ash-tree we came in by."

"Yes! yes! yes! but go back, for Heaven's sake! Don't come here!"

She ran back toward Martin; but, ere she could get to him, suddenly a huge dog burst out of the coppice and stood erect a moment. He never noticed Margaret. But he lowered his nose an instant, and the next moment, with an awful yell, sprang straight at Gerard's tree and rolled head over heels dead as a stone, literally spitted by an arrow from the bow that twanged beside the coppice in Martin's hand. That same moment out came another hound and smelled his dead comrade. Gerard rushed out at him; but, ere he could use his cudgel, a streak of white lightning seemed to strike the hound, and he groveled in the dust wounded desperately, but not killed, and howling piteously.

Gerard had not time to dispatch him: the coppice rustled too near: it seemed alive with men. Pointing wildly to Martin to go back, Gerard ran a few yards to the right, then crept cautiously into the thick coppice just as three men burst out. These had headed their comrades considerably; the rest were following at various distances. Gerard crawled back almost on all-fours. Instinct taught Martin and Margaret to do the same upon their line of retreat. Thus, within the distance of a few yards, the pursuers and pursued were passing one another upon opposite tracks.

A loud cry announced the discovery of the dead and the wounded hound. Then followed a babble of voices, still swelling as fresh pursuers reached the spot. The hunters, as usual on a surprise, were wasting time, and the hunted ones were making the most of it.

"I hear no more hounds," whispered Martin to Margaret, and he was himself again.

It was Margaret's turn to tremble and despair. Oh! why did we part with Gerard? They will kill my Gerard, and I not near him!"

"Nay, nay! the head to catch him is not on their shoulders. You bade him meet us at the ash-tree."

"And so I did. Bless you, Martin, for thinking of that. To the ash-tree!"

"Ay! but with less noise."

They were now nearly at the edge of the coppice, when suddenly they heard whooping and hallooing behind them. The men had satisfied themselves the fugitives were in the coppice, and were beating back.

"No matter," whispered Martin to his trembling companion. "We shall have time to win clear and slip out of sight by hard running. Ah!"

He stopped suddenly; for just as he was going to burst out of the brush-wood his eye caught a figure keeping sentinel. It was Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, seated on his mule: a bloody bandage was across his nose, the bridge of which was broken; but over this his eyes peered keenly, and it was plain by their expression he had heard the fugitives rustle, and was looking out for them. Martin muttered a terrible oath, and cautiously strung his bow, then with equal caution fitted his last arrow to the string. Margaret put her hands to her face, but said nothing. She saw this man must die, or Gerard. After the first impulse she peered through her fingers, her heart panting audibly.

The bow was raised and the deadly arrow steadily drawn to its head, when at that moment an active figure leaped on Ghysbrecht from behind so swiftly, it was like a hawk swooping on a pigeon. A shirt went over the Burgomaster, and, in a turn of the hand, his head was muffled in it, and he was whirled from his seat and fell heavily upon the ground, where he lay groaning with terror, and Gerard jumped down after him.

"Hist, Martin! Martin!"

Martin and Margaret came out, the former, open-mouthed, crying, "Now fly! fly! While they are all in the thicket we are saved!"

At this crisis, when safety seemed at hand, as fate would have it, Margaret, who had borne up so bravely till now, began to succumb, partly from loss of blood.

"Oh, my belôved, fly!" she gasped. "Leave me, for I am faint!"

"No! no!" screamed Gerard. "Death together, or safety! Ah! the mule! mount her you, and I'll—"

In a moment Martin was on the mule, and Gerard raised the fainting girl in his arms and placed her on the saddle, and relieved Martin of his bow.

"Help! treason! murder! murder!" shrieked Ghysbrecht, rising on his hams.

"Silence, cur!" roared Gerard, and trode him down again by the throat as men crush an adder. "Now have you got her firm? Then fly! for our lives!"

But even as the mule, urged suddenly by Martin's heel, scattered the flints with his hind hoofs ere he got into a canter, and even as Gerard withdrew his foot from Ghysbrecht's throat to run, Dierich Brower and his five men, who had come back for orders, and heard the Burgomaster's cries, burst, roaring, out of the coppice on them.

A TALE OF ARSENIC.

I WAS seated one day in the office of my friend Doctor Phaytall. While he was inditing a prescription I took up the morning paper. Among the items of news was a decision of the Court of Appeals refusing another trial to Stevens, the convicted wife-poisoner, whose case, and especially the detection by numerous tests of arsenic in the body of his deceased wife, after an interment, if I remember aright, of more than a year, had at the time awakened much public interest, and has probably not yet been quite effaced from the public's memory by the succession of exciting topics that have since engrossed the columns and the large type of the newspapers.

I expressed my approval of this unwonted decision.

"Then you have no doubt of Stevens's guilt?" said the Doctor.

"I could not doubt the evidence of chemistry," I replied.

"It was conclusive as to the presence of arsenic," said the Doctor. "That may, or may not, have been the cause of death. Sir, hundreds of bodies might be exhumed to-day which would furnish as abundant evidences of arsenic as did that one, but which died a natural death."

I stared at the Doctor in mute incomprehension.

"It is a well-known fact," he continued, "that the peasantry in some parts of Germany practice arsenic-eating. They suppose that it produces plumpness and comeliness of person, and muscular vigor. They begin with a half-grain dose, two or three times a week, gradually increasing the quantity until they become walking store-houses of arsenic. When they have once formed the habit, however, they can not discontinue it, under penalty of the most terrible results.

"It is a fact not so well known that there are persons in this country addicted to this horrible practice. I was called but the other day to attend two young ladies, who had been large consumers of glazed paper for the sake of the arsenic contained in the glazing. Having indulged in it too freely, they exhibited the ordinary symptoms of poisoning."

"What a dreadful habit!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, it is dreadful, but no more so than some others that are more prevalent. Think of drinking laudanum by the pint! Think, too, of deriving nervous stimulus and brilliance of optics from daily potations of strychnine!

"Arsenic is a drug in which I have always taken much interest," continued the Doctor. "As a medicine, it is a valuable tonic. As a poison, what a history it has! How busy has it been in affairs of Church and State! In how many an important intrigue has it been an accomplice! How many a jealousy has it served! To how many a dark revenge has it ministered! In how many a mystery has it participated that must remain unrevealed till the end of time! In the course of my practice I have seen much of its effects. I have witnessed several deaths that it produced. I have thwarted one would-be murderer. I have, by my investigations and testimony, saved two innocent men from the gallows, and assisted in coiling the rope of evidence around the neck of one guilty one."

"Why, Doctor," I suggested, "your experiences must be worth narrating. Why have you never given them to the public?"

"The fact is, Mr. Podhammer," he replied, "that my style of composition is better adapted to prescription than to narrative. Besides, I have found the former more remunerative. However, if you have time to listen I will give you the facts of one remarkable case, from which you can, if you like, work up a magazine article. Should you do so, all I require of you is, that you give me due credit as your authority. Don't forget to mention my name and title in full—Phineas Phaytall, M.D. I have a weakness, not unusual in our profession, for seeing my name in print."

Having consented to this stipulation, I seated myself in an invalid chair, and the Doctor proceeded, in nearly the following words:

"Fritz Von Meerschaum was my fellow-boarder at Mrs. Mudgeon's, on Madison Avenue, in whose back-parlor, as you may remember, I first established my office and my household gods. He was, as his name indicates, a Teuton. He was a Teuton of means, which, though not 'visible' to me, made themselves manifest in promptly-settled bills, and a variety of refined and luxurious surroundings, among which elegant volumes of all the latest transcendental philosophy, and an abundant supply of transcendently fragrant tobacco, were not the least. He devoted himself to the enjoyment of those misty luxuries with that zeal and persistency which are eminently characteristic of Young Teutonia.

"He had at an early age, for various interesting reasons which I shall not take time to specify, emigrated to this country from Austria or Prussia, or some other empire or kingdom in that incomprehensible, guttural-producing, music-loving, bier-imbibing, kraut-consuming, wrangling fraternity, known as the Germanic Confederation. Quite oblivious of his filial obligations of military service to the father-land, he had carefully avoided, thereafter, falling in the way of any of the parental recruiting agents on his paternal soil, and thus had never been the occasion of involving our venerable Secretary of State in diplomatic difficulties with himself.

"Von Meerschaum was tall and gaunt. His cheeks were hollow, his complexion sallow; the aperture in which he used to hold his pipe was concealed by a yellow mustache; and, when his countenance was in repose, there rested in the misty depths of his grayish-blue eye a touching expression of sentimental melancholy.

"Among all the four-and-twenty select boarders at Mrs. Mudgeon's his was the only acquaintance that I cultivated to any degree of intimacy. As it grew and ripened, I passed many pleasant half-hours with him in philosophical discussion, or listening to his graphic sketches of the father-land and reminiscences of student life, or to his performances upon the piano-forte, which he played with a power and delicacy unusual even in a Teuton. But in his music, as well as in his cheerful and often gay conversation, I was always impressed with an undertone of melancholy, that seemed to float up from the same misty depths that I saw shadowed in his eyes.

"As time passed on, this melancholy, from being a dim and scarcely perceptible interior influence, became a distinct and marked exterior characteristic of my friend. His cheerfulness gradually gave place to a habitual sadness. His eyes were downcast, and when they met one's gaze, the tears in them often rendered it difficult to distinguish whether they were of a bluish gray or a grayish blue. His books of philosophy were, apparently, perused as assiduously as ever; but on several occasions I observed that they were held bottom upward—a position in which, I confess, they would have been about as intelligible to me as in any other. He smoked as industriously as ever, but the smoke, instead of rising in light and airy wreaths, as formerly, settled in a sombre cloud. He quaffed less and less wine, and drank more and more lager-bier. He took little solid nutriment, a circumstance that indeed elevated him not a little in Mrs. Mudgeon's regard, but at the same time conduced to the increased concavity of his already hollow cheek. He would sometimes ejaculate almost fiercely '*Teufel!*' and in the next breath murmur tenderly, '*Engel!*' He would often be absent from the house until a very late hour, and after his return I would hear him pacing his room, which was over mine, until morning.

"These strange phenomena in Von Meerschaum gave me no little concern. But all my ingenious and delicate attempts to learn their cause were, for a long time, in vain. As easily might I have elicited any tangible and compact idea from the hazy profundity of his favorite philosophy; as readily might I have segregated and bottled up the elementary narcotic principle from the fragrant cloud that floated in his apartment, as fish up from the dim depths of his abysmal melancholy any thing in the shape of a definite and comprehensible sorrow. On several occasions when I rallied or questioned him, as our friendship gave me a right to do, he would seem to approach the brink with the intent of disclosing to me its secret, but would as often shrink back, as if appalled at its depth of horror and hopelessness. Then he would shudder and make a ghastly attempt at cheerfulness.

"I sometimes feared that his naturally fine intellect was disordered, but his conversation was rational as well as rationalistic. I apprehended from his increasing emaciation and sallowness that his liver might be torpid, and prescribed for him, but without benefit. He could not have lost a near relative, for he had previously informed me that he had none. Thinking that he might be in pecuniary straits, I hinted to him, in my delicate way, that the purses of friends should be common property. To my disgust, he responded by offering me a loan of any amount.

"At length, however, I made the discovery. Seated in his room one evening, I had attempted to engage him in a philosophical discussion; but it had died away from inanition, leaving behind it empty reverberations of the words, 'consciousness,' 'entity,' 'subjective,' and 'objective.' Silence had then reigned while the contents of our pipes had been slowly whiffed away in fragrant wreaths that had at first hovered coyly about our heads, and then, like grieved angels, receded into distance and indistinctness. Von Meerschaum looked after the last whiff from his own pipe and sighed. He then reversed the bowl, knocked out the ashes, and groaned.

"'That smoke is the emblem of my hopes,' he said. 'These ashes are my life, from which the hopes have departed. Oh! Doctor, I am the most miserable of men!'

"'You should rather say the most ungrateful,' I replied. 'You have youth, education, a sound constitution, and a competence. You should be full of hope.'

"'Doctor,' he responded, 'I will give you a paradox. If I had not all these I might be happy. Now, I can never be.'

"'Doctor,' he continued, after a short silence, 'there is one thing that you did not mention. Is my personal appearance prepossessing?'

"I glanced at the grotesquely, wobegone visage and gaunt figure before me, and was prevented from answering by a sudden fit of coughing.

"He regarded me gloomily. 'Now I will explain my paradox,' he said, and proceeded to relate the history of his grief.

"He had, on coming to this city, been hospitably received in the charming family of one Van Kinkel, a former friend and fellow-townsman. Van Kinkel's niece, Sophia, was the most beautiful, amiable, and accomplished of her sex. He had at once fallen in love with Sophia. Encouraged by her uniform kindness to him, he had at length duly proposed for her hand. Her relatives had highly approved the match. The only objection made had been on the part of Sophia herself. She liked him very much; she esteemed him highly; she could never survive the loss of his friendship—but he really must excuse her from marrying him.

"His intimacy with the family had continued unbroken. He had not been without an indefinite hope that Sophia might yet change her sentiments with regard to him. She had been urged to do so by her relatives.

"One day he had chanced to overhear Mrs. Van Kinkel commending him to Sophia. 'Ah! Aunt,' his charmer had replied, 'it is of no use. Fritz is, indeed, all that you say he is; but you must admit that he is a fright. I could as easily love the skeleton at the museum.'

"'Then,' said Von Meerschaum, 'hope died in my bosom.'

"There was, indeed, little left for it to live upon; for if his aspect had previously been melancholy, it had now, from the effect of his passion and disappointment, become positively sepulchral.

"To still further aggravate his wretchedness, Sophia had of late received marked attentions from one Pfeiffer, a professional flutist, whose round carnation cheeks and laughing eyes threw his own wan features into forlorn contrast.

"'You will now understand my paradox,' he said. 'Were I not young, I might not love. Were I poor or ignorant, I might yet remove those disadvantages; but now what remains for me but—to die?'

"I could indeed offer him little encouragement. I recommended him to try absence and country air. He followed my advice, and in a month returned, presenting the appearance of a sun-burned spectre.

"I soon afterward removed my office from Mrs. Mudgeon's to this location, and my intercourse with Von Meerschaum discontinued. I will relate the events that followed, as I subsequently learned them.

"He returned from the country only to find his comely rival apparently established in Sophia's regards. The sight drove him to distraction.

"He had long been haunted by the idea of suicide. It now presented itself to his contemplation with irresistible attractiveness. He took the fatal resolve.

"From among the bewildering variety of means for the attainment of that end he fixed upon poison. From among the long list of reliable toxicological agents he selected arsenic. He purchased a quantity of the drug, duly labeled 'Poison.' He devised all his worldly effects to Sophia, and at night, just before retiring to rest, swallowed what he deemed the requisite quantity. He awaited its effects for hours, but at length fell asleep.

"The next morning, to his disappointment and disgust, he awoke, as usual, in this world, and in his own room. He waited patiently two days for the expected consummation, but in vain.

"On the third evening he repeated the dose. At a late hour of the following morning he again awoke from a sound slumber to the woes of mortal existence. He experienced, also, the pangs of hunger, to which he had long been a stranger. He assuaged them at the breakfast-table, but they recurred periodically.

"On the fifth evening, thinking that he must have purchased some other article instead of arsenic, he procured a quantity from another drug-store, and to make sure of the effect, slightly increased the dose. The only result was an aggravation of his previous symptoms.

"Possessing true Teutonic patience and perseverance, he again repeated it on the seventh evening. The next day he felt a strong inclination to muscular activity. He took a long walk, and was surprised at his incapability of fatigue. He dined at Delmonico's with such appetite as to excite his own astonishment and that of the waiters. On returning to his room he glanced in the mirror. He was startled at the change in his appearance. The concavities in his cheeks had diminished in depth, and presented, instead of their former sickly hue, an unmistakably ruddy tinge.

"He continued taking the dose, on each alternate evening, for a month. At the end of that period he called at my office. At first I did not recognize him. I then stared at him in astonishment. 'Why, Von Meerschaum,' I exclaimed at length, 'what has wrought this miracle? You have positively become *fine looking!*' And so he had. His cheeks were plump and glowed with the hues of health. His eyes were full and sparkling, and retained just enough of their former dreamy melancholy to give him that expression which ladies call 'interesting.'

"After some hesitation he made a full confession of the particulars I have related, and asked for an explanation of the phenomena.

"'How large doses have you taken?' I inquired.

"He took up the quantity on the point of a penknife. I comprehended the mystery at once. Less familiar with physics than with metaphysics, he had entertained an exaggerated idea of the poisonous power of arsenic, and had begun with a dose of about half a grain, which he had afterward increased somewhat. He had thus, by a fortunate mistake, taken too little to produce the effect he intended, but enough, as it proved, to act most efficaciously as a tonic.

"'My friend,' I said, after explaining the matter to him, 'if you are in haste to die, you must quintuple your dose.'

"'Ah! Doctor,' he replied, 'I have changed my mind.' He then informed me that he had met Sophia at a party, a few evenings before, and her manner had convinced him that she no longer thought him a fright. He had learned that his odious rival, Pfeiffer, had been unpleasantly interrupted in the midst of a musical performance by the unlooked-for apparition of an irate wife, whom he had deserted in his native country. The ruddy cheeks had turned pale, the flute had dropped, and its owner had disappeared.

"'This morning,' he said, 'I called upon Sophia, and renewed my suit. I can not yet realize it—but she has made me the happiest of men!'"

The Doctor having concluded his narrative, I made the remark that arsenic must be a valuable medicine.

"Arsenic may be employed beneficially as a remedial agent," he replied, sententiously, "in the presence of certain pathological indications. Like other poisons, however, it should be used only with extreme caution and in accordance with the prescription of a regular practitioner."

"Was your friend able to discontinue with impunity the practice he had begun?" I inquired.

"He was enabled to do so by the substitution of another drug."

"What drug was that?" I demanded.

"That drug, Sir, was matrimony. I must confess it is a drug that has seemed to agree with him remarkably well."

The Doctor is a confirmed old bachelor.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

RESPECTS with threefold grace endue
The right to be familiar; none
Whose ways forget that they are two
Perceive the bliss of being one.

I vow'd unvarying faith; and she
To whom in full I pay that vow,
Rewards me with variety
Which men who change can never know.

"The man seeks first to please his wife,"
Declares but not complains St. Paul:
And other loves have little life,
When she's not loved the most of all.

THE "GREAT EASTERN."

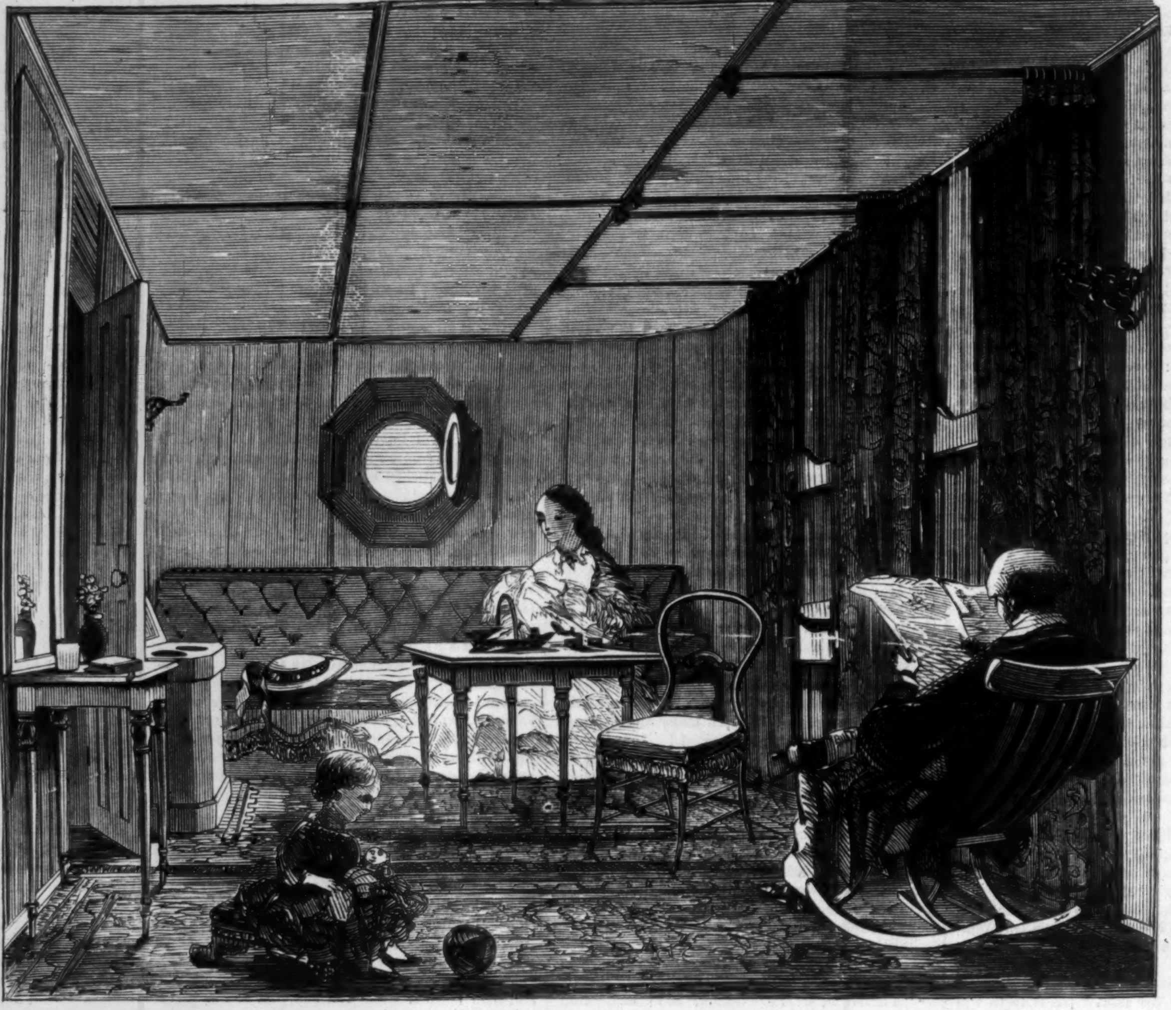
WE continue our series of illustrations of the *Great Eastern* this week with a picture of the deck, and another of the interior of a state-room.

It must be borne in mind that the former picture only represents about one-third of the deck of the monster. The whole length of the deck, which is flush from stem to stern, lacks but four feet of being 700 feet long. From side to side, across the paddle-wheels, the distance is 118 feet, so that an ordinary ship could be laid across the deck without projecting on either side. We have given so many descriptions of this great ship, that in this place we need only repeat that she can carry, when loaded, 22,500 tons of freight, 4000 first-class cabin passengers, and 10,000 troops. The five great masts, two of which are seen in our engraving, are braced by 7½-inch wire rope; the sixth, or mizzen, is supported by hemp cords.

Travelers will be pleased to see the other picture, which represents a first-class state-room. The size of this apartment is eighteen by seven and a half feet; the ceiling is seven feet six inches high. It is, therefore, quite a fair-sized room for a family. It will be noticed that no berths are visible. By an ingenious contrivance the births collapse and fold against the side of the cabin, leaving a space between them and the wall wide enough to contain the bedding. Curtains suspended from the ceiling, as shown in our picture, conceal the whole arrangement from view, and thus, while the voyagers are at breakfast, their sleeping-room is converted into a very neat drawing-room.

It will be noticed that the lady in the picture is seated on a settee; this is, of course, hollow, and serves as a roomy coffer; it is covered with crimson velvet. Opposite this settee, on the other side of the cabin (and therefore, of course, not shown in in our picture), is another settee which conceals a large bath. The other articles of furniture speak for themselves. The wash-stand is provided with a large mirror, and its fittings-up are so elegant that it does not seem out of place. The tables are provided with extension pieces, and may be made of any size to suit the convenience of the passengers. It is not expected that there will be any motion to speak of. Should the vessel roll, however, all the furniture is provided with screws to fasten it in its place.

When vessels like the *Great Eastern* do all the passenger business between the commercial nations of the world, there will be an end of the discomforts of sea travel. In such ships one may enjoy the comforts of home.



INTERIOR OF A STATE-ROOM.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK III.

THE TRACK OF A STORM.

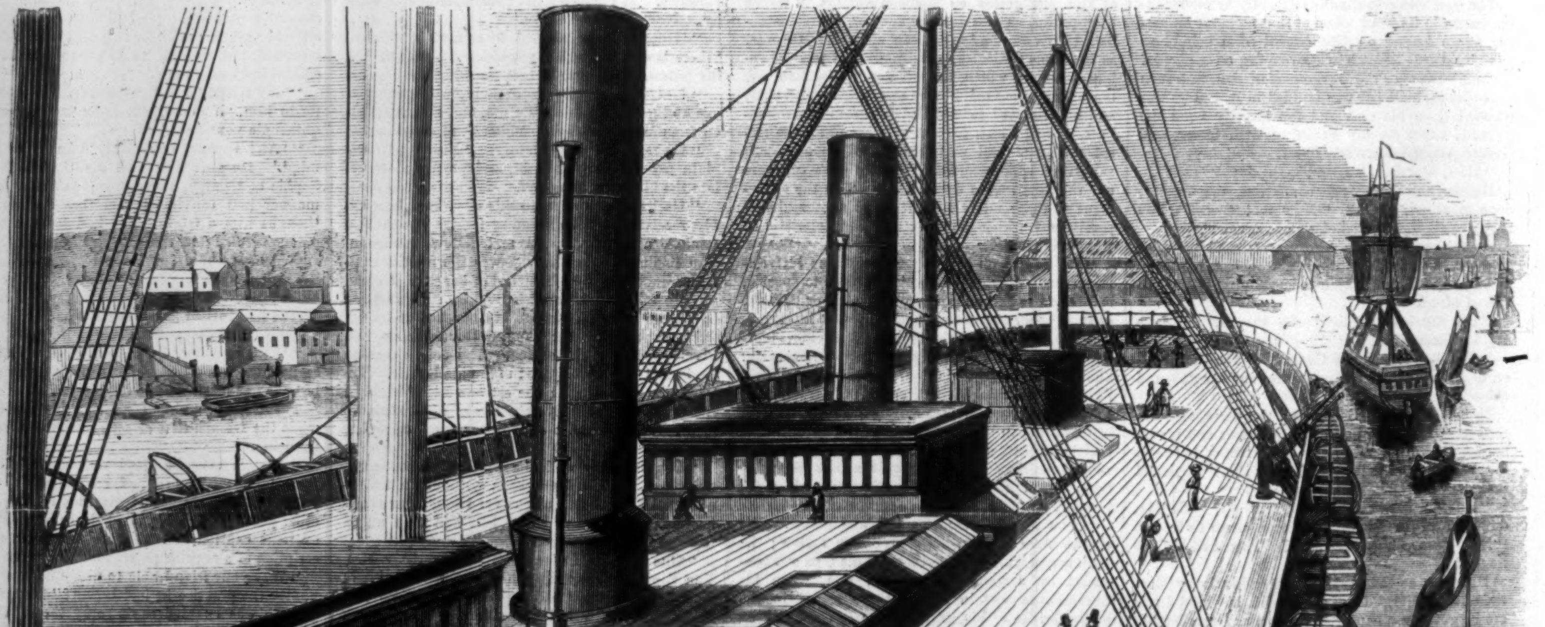
CHAPTER I.

IN SECRET.

THE traveler fared slowly on his way who fared toward Paris from England in the autumn of the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two. More than enough of bad roads, bad equipages, and bad horses, he would have encountered to delay him, though the fallen and unfortunate King of France had been upon his throne in all his glory; but the changed times were fraught with other obstacles than these. Every town gate and village taxing-house had its band of citizen-patriots, with their national muskets in a most explosive state of readiness, who stopped all comers and goers, cross-questioned them, inspected their papers, looked for their names in lists of their own, turned them back, or sent them on, or stopped them and laid them in hold, as their capricious judgment or fancy deemed best for the dawning Republic One and Indivisible, of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death.

A very few French leagues of his journey were accomplished when Charles Darnay began to perceive that for him along these country roads there was no hope of return until he should have been declared a good citizen at Paris. Whatever might befall now, he must on to his journey's end. Not a mean village closed upon him, not a common barrier dropped across the road behind him, but he knew it to be another iron door in the series that was barred between him and England. The universal watchfulness so encompassed him, that if he had been taken in a net, or were being forwarded to his destination in a cage, he could not have felt his freedom more completely gone.

This universal watchfulness not only stopped him on the highway twenty times in a stage, but retarded his progress twenty times in a day, by riding after him and taking him back, riding before him and stopping him by anticipation, riding with him and keeping him in charge. He had been days upon his journey in France alone, when he went to bed tired out, in a little



VIEW OF THE DECK.

town on the high-road, still a long way from Paris.

Nothing but the production of the afflicted Gabelle's letter from his prison of the Abbaye would have got him on so far. His difficulty at the guard-house in this small place had been such that he felt his journey to have come to a crisis. And he was, therefore, as little surprised as a man could be to find himself awakened, at the small inn to which he had been remitted until morning, in the middle of the night.

Awakened by a timid local functionary and three armed patriots in rough red caps and with pipes in their mouths, who sat down on the bed.

"Emigrant," said the functionary, "I am going to send you on to Paris, under an escort."

"Citizen, I desire nothing more than to get to Paris, though I could dispense with the escort."

"Silence!" growled a red-cap, striking at the coverlet with the butt-end of his musket. "Peace, aristocrat!"

"It is as the good patriot says," observed the timid functionary. "You are an aristocrat, and must have an escort—and must pay for it."

"I have no choice," said Charles Darnay.

"Choice! Listen to him!" cried the same scowling red-cap. "As if it was not a favor to be protected from the lamp-iron!"

"It is always as the good patriot says," observed the functionary. "Rise and dress yourself, emigrant."

Darnay complied, and was taken back to the guard-house where other patriots in rough red caps were smoking, drinking, and sleeping, by a watch-fire. Here he paid a heavy price for his escort, and hence he started with it on the wet, wet roads at three o'clock in the morning.

The escort were two mounted patriots in red caps and tricolored cockades, armed with national muskets and sabres, who rode one on either side of him. The escorted governed his own horse, but a loose line was attached to his bridle, the end of which one of the patriots kept girded round his wrist. In this state they set forth, with the sharp rain driving in their faces: clattering at a heavy dragoon trot over the uneven town pavement, and out upon the mire-deep roads. In this state they traversed without change, except of horses and pace, all the mire-deep leagues that lay between them and the capital.

They traveled in the night, halting an hour or two after daybreak, and lying by until the twilight fell. The escort were so wretchedly clothed that they twisted straw round their bare legs, and thatched their ragged shoulders to keep the wet off. Apart from the personal discomfort of being so attended, and apart from such considerations of present danger as arose from one of the patriots being chronically drunk, and carrying his musket very recklessly, Charles Darnay did not allow the restraint that was laid upon him to awaken any serious fears in his breast; for he reasoned with himself that it could have no reference to the merits of an individual case that was not yet stated, and of representations, confirmable by the prisoner in the Abbaye, that were not yet made.

But when they came to the town of Beauvais—which they did at eventide, when the streets were filled with people—he could not conceal from himself that the aspect of affairs was very alarming. An ominous crowd gathered to see him dismount at the posting-yard, and many voices in it called out loudly, "Down with the emigrant!"

He stopped in the act of swinging himself out of his saddle, and, resuming it as his safest place, said:

"Emigrant, my friends! Do you not see me here, in France, of my own will?"

"You are a cursed emigrant," cried a farrier, making at him in a furious manner through the press, hammer in hand; "and you are a cursed aristocrat!"

The postmaster interposed himself between this man and the rider's bridle (at which he was evidently making), and soothingly said, "Let him be; let him be! He will be judged at Paris."

"Judged!" repeated the farrier, swinging his hammer. "Ay! and condemned as a traitor." At this the crowd roared approval.

Checking the postmaster, who was for turning his horse's head to the yard (the drunken patriot sat composedly in his saddle looking on, with the line round his wrist), Darnay said, as soon as he could make his voice heard:

"Friends, you deceive yourselves, or you are deceived. I am not a traitor."

"He lies!" cried the smith. "He is a traitor since the decree. His life is forfeit to the people. His cursed life is not his own!"

At the instant when Darnay saw a rush in the eyes of the crowd, which another instant would have brought upon him, the postmaster turned his horse into the yard, the escort rode in close upon his horse's flanks, and the postmaster shut and barred the crazy double gates. The farrier struck a blow upon them with his hammer, and the crowd groaned; but no more was done.

"What is this decree that the smith spoke of?" Darnay asked the postmaster, when he had thanked him, and stood beside him in the yard.

"Truly, a decree for selling the property of emigrants."

"When passed?"

"On the fourteenth."

"The day I left England!"

"Every body says it is but one of several, and that there will be others—if there are not already—banishing all emigrants, and condemning all to death who return. That is what he meant when he said your life was not your own."

"But there are no such decrees yet?"

"What do I know!" said the postmaster, shrugging his shoulders; "there may be, or there will be. It is all the same. What would you have?"

They rested on some straw in a loft until the middle of the night, and then rode forward again when all the town was asleep. Among the many wild changes observable on familiar things which make this wild ride unreal, not the least was the seeming rarity of sleep. After long and lonely spurring over dreary roads, they would come to a cluster of poor cottages, not steeped in darkness, but all glittering with lights, and would find the people, in a ghostly manner in the dead of the night, circling hand in hand round a shriveled tree of Liberty, or all drawn up together singing a Liberty song. Happily, however, there was sleep in Beauvais that night to help them out of it, and they passed on once more into solitude and loneliness: jingling through the untimely cold and wet, among impoverished fields that had yielded no fruits of the earth that year, diversified by the blackened remains of burned houses, and by the sudden emergence from ambuscade, and sharp reining up across their way, of patriot patrols on the watch on all the roads.

Daylight at last found them before the wall of Paris. The barrier was closed and strongly guarded when they rode up to it.

"Where are the papers of this prisoner?" demanded a resolute-looking man in authority, who was summoned out by the guard.

Naturally struck by the disagreeable word, Charles Darnay requested the speaker to take notice that he was a free traveler and French citizen, in charge of an escort which the disturbed state of the country had imposed upon him, and which he had paid for.

"Where," repeated the same personage, without taking any heed of him whatever, "are the papers of this prisoner?"

The drunken patriot had them in his cap, and produced them. Casting his eyes over Gabelle's letter, the same personage in authority showed some disorder and surprise, and looked at Darnay with a close attention.

He left escort and escorted without saying a word, however, and went into the guard-room; meanwhile they sat upon their horses outside the gate. Looking about him while in this state of suspense, Charles Darnay observed that the gate was held by a mixed guard of soldiers and patriots, the latter far outnumbering the former; and that while ingress into the city for peasants' carts bringing in supplies, and for similar traffic and traffickers, was easy enough, egress, even for the homeliest people, was very difficult. A numerous medley of men and women, not to mention beasts and vehicles of various sorts, was waiting to issue forth; but the previous identification was so strict that they filtered through the barrier very slowly. Some of these people knew their turn for examination to be so far off that they lay down on the ground to sleep or smoke, while others talked together or loitered about. The red cap and tricolor cockade were universal, both among men and women.

When he had sat in his saddle some half-hour, taking note of these things, Darnay found himself confronted by the same man in authority who directed the guard to open the barrier. Then he delivered to the escort, drunk and sober, a receipt for the escorted, and requested him to dismount. He did so, and the two patriots, leading his tired horse, turned and rode away without entering the city.

He accompanied his conductor into a guard-room smelling of common wine and tobacco, where certain soldiers and patriots, asleep and awake, drunk and sober, and in various neutral states between sleeping and waking, drunkenness and sobriety, were standing and lying about. The light in the guard-house, half derived from the waning oil-lamps of the night, and half from the overcast day, was in a correspondingly uncertain condition. Some registers were lying open on a desk, and an officer of a coarse dark aspect presided over these.

"Citizen Defarge," said he to Darnay's conductor, as he took a slip of paper to write on, "is this the emigrant Evrémonde?"

"This is the man."

"Your age, Evrémonde?"

"Thirty-seven."

"Married, Evrémonde?"

"Yes."

"Where married?"

"In England."

"Without doubt. Where is your wife, Evrémonde?"

"In England."

"Without doubt. You are consigned, Evrémonde, to the Prison of La Force."

"Just Heaven!" exclaimed Darnay. "Under what law, and for what offense?"

The officer looked up from his slip of paper for a moment.

"We have new laws, Evrémonde, and new offenses, since you were here." He said it with a hard smile, and went on writing.

"I entreat you to observe that I have come here voluntarily, in response to that written appeal of a fellow-citizen which lies before you. I have come here to clear him, and to clear myself. I demand no more than the opportunity to do so without delay. Is not that my right?"

"Emigrants have no rights, Evrémonde," was the stolid reply. The officer wrote until he had finished, read over to himself what he had written, sanded it, and handed it to Citizen Defarge, with the words, "In secret."

Citizen Defarge motioned with the paper to the prisoner that he must accompany him. The prisoner obeyed, and a guard of two armed patriots attended them.

"It is you," said Defarge, in a low voice, as they went down the guard-house steps and turned into Paris, "who married the daughter of Doctor Manette, once a prisoner in the Bastile that is no more."

"Yes," replied Darnay, looking at him with surprise.

"My name is Defarge, and I keep a wine-shop in the Quarter Saint Antoine. Possibly you have heard of me."

"My wife came to your house to reclaim her father? Yes!"

The word "wife" seemed to serve as a gloomy reminder to Citizen Defarge, to say, with sudden impatience, "In the name of that sharp female newly born and called La Guillotine, why did you come to France?"

"You heard me say why a minute ago. Do you not believe it is the truth?"

"A bad truth for you," said Defarge, speaking with knitted brows, and looking straight before him.

"Indeed, I am lost here. All here is so unprecedented, so changed, so sudden and unfair, that I am absolutely lost. Will you render me a little help?"

"None." Citizen Defarge spoke, always looking straight before him.

"Will you answer me a single question?"

"Perhaps. According to its nature. You can say what it is."

"In this prison that I am going to so unjustly, shall I have some free communication with the world outside?"

"You will see."

"I am not to be buried there, prejudged, and without any means of presenting my case?"

"You will see. But what then? Other people have been similarly buried in worse prisons before now."

"But never by me, Citizen Defarge."

Citizen Defarge glanced darkly at him for answer, and walked on in a steady and set silence. The deeper he sank into this silence the fainter hope there was—or so Darnay thought—of his softening in any slight degree. He therefore made haste to say:

"It is of the utmost importance to me (you know, Citizen, even better than I, of how much importance) that I should be able to communicate to Mr. Lorry of Tellson's bank, an English gentleman who is now in Paris, the simple fact, without comment, that I have been thrown into the prison of La Force. Will you cause that to be done for me?"

"I will do," Defarge doggedly rejoined, "nothing for you. My duty is to my country and the Revolution. I am the sworn servant of both against you. I will do nothing for you."

Charles Darnay felt it hopeless to entreat him further, and his pride was touched besides. As they walked on in silence he could not but see how used the people were to the spectacle of prisoners passing along the streets. The very children scarcely noticed him. A few passers turned their heads, and a few shook their fingers at him as an aristocrat; otherwise, that a man in good clothes should be going to prison was no more remarkable than that a laborer in working clothes should be going to work. In one narrow, dark, and dirty street through which they passed an excited orator, mounted on a stool, was addressing an excited audience on the crimes against the people of the king and the royal family. The few words that he caught from this man's lips first made it known to Charles Darnay that the king was in prison, and that the foreign embassadors had one and all left Paris. On the road (except at Beauvais) he had heard absolutely nothing. The escort and the universal watchfulness had completely isolated him.

That he had fallen among far greater dangers than those which had developed themselves when he left England he of course knew now. That perils had thickened about him fast, and might thicken faster and faster yet, he of course knew now. He could not but admit to himself that he might not have made this journey if he could have foreseen the events of a few days. And yet his misgivings were not so dark as, imagined by the light of this later time, they would appear. Troubled as the future was, it was the unknown future, and in its obscurity there was ignorant hope. The horrible massacre of prisoners, days and nights long, which, within a few rounds of the clock, was to set a great mark of blood upon the blessed garnering time of harvest, was as far out of his knowledge as if it had been a hundred thousand years away. The "sharp female newly born and called La Guillotine" was hardly known to him, or to the generality of people, by name. The frightful deeds that were to be soon done were probably unimagined at that time in the brains of the doers. How could they have a place in the shadowy conceptions of a gentle mind?

Of unjust treatment in detention and hardship, and in cruel separation from his wife and child, he foreshadowed the likelihood or the certainty; but beyond this he dreaded nothing distinctly. With this on his mind, which was enough to carry into a dreary prison court-yard, he arrived at the prison of La Force.

A man with a bloated face opened the strong wicket, to whom Defarge presented "The Emigrant Evrémonde."

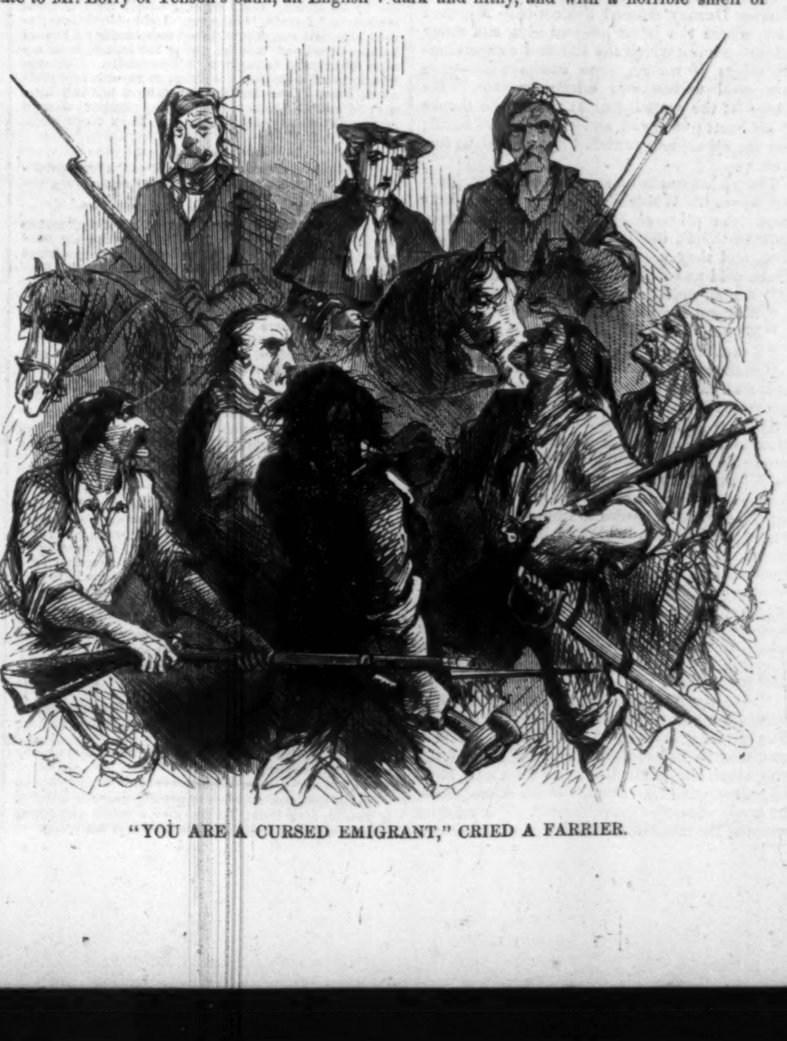
"What the Devil! How many more of them!" exclaimed the man with the bloated face.

Defarge took his receipt without noticing the exclamation, and withdrew with his two fellow-patriots.

"What the Devil, I say again!" exclaimed the jailer, left with his wife. "How many more?"

The jailer's wife, being provided with no answer to the question, merely replied, "One must have patience, my dear!" Three turnkeys, who entered responsive to a bell she rang, echoed the sentiment, and one added, "For the love of Liberty;" which sounded in that place like an inappropriate conclusion.

The prison of La Force was a gloomy prison, dark and filthy, and with a horrible smell of



"YOU ARE A CURSED EMIGRANT," CRIED A FARRIER.

foul sleep in it. Extraordinary how soon the noisome flavor of imprisoned sleep becomes manifest in all such places that are ill-cared for!

"In secret, too," grumbled the jailer, looking at the written paper. "As if I was not already full to bursting!"

He stuck the paper on a file, in an ill-humor, and Charles Darnay awaited his further pleasure for half an hour: sometimes, pacing to and fro in the strong arched room: sometimes, resting on a stone seat: in either case detained to be imprinted on the memory of the chief and his subordinates.

"Come!" said the chief, at length taking up his keys, "come with me, emigrant."

Through the dismal prison twilight his new charge accompanied him by corridor and staircase, many doors clanging and locking behind them, until they came into a large, low, vaulted chamber, crowded with prisoners of both sexes. The women were seated at a long table, reading and writing, knitting, sewing, and embroidering; the men were, for the most part, standing behind their chairs or lingering up and down the room.

In the instinctive association of prisoners with shameful crime and disgrace, the new-comer recoiled from this company. But the crowning unreality of his long unreal ride was, their all at once rising to receive him, with every refinement of manner known to the time, and with all the engaging graces and courtesies of life.

So strangely clouded were these refinements by the prison manners and gloom, so spectral did they become in the appropriate squalor and misery through which they were seen, that Charles Darnay seemed to stand in a company of the dead. Ghosts all! The ghost of beauty, the ghost of stateliness, the ghost of elegance, the ghost of pride, the ghost of frivolity, the ghost of wit, the ghost of youth, the ghost of age, all waiting their dismissal from the desolate shore, all turning on him eyes that were changed by the death they had died in coming there.

It struck him motionless. The jailer standing at his side, and the other jailers moving about, who would have been well enough as to appearance in the ordinary exercises of their functions, looked so extravagantly coarse contrasted with sorrowing mothers and blooming daughters who were there—with the apparitions of the coquette, the young beauty, and the mature woman delicately bred—that the inversion of all experience and likelihood which the scene of shadows presented was heightened to its utmost. Surely, ghosts all. Surely, the long unreal ride some progress of disease that had brought him to these gloomy shades!

"In the name of the assembled companions in misfortune," said a gentleman of courtly appearance and address, coming forward, "I have the honor of giving you welcome to La Force, and of condoling with you on the calamity that has brought you among us. May it soon terminate happily! It would be an impertinence elsewhere, but it is not so here, to ask your name and condition?"

Charles Darnay roused himself, and gave the required information, in words as suitable as he could find.

"But I hope," said the gentleman, following the chief jailer with his eyes, who moved across the room, "that you are not in secret?"

"I do not understand the meaning of the term, but I have heard them say so."

"Ah, what a pity! We so much regret it! But take courage; several members of our society have been in secret at first, and it has lasted but a short time." Then he added, raising his voice, "I grieve to inform the society—in secret."

There was a murmur of commiseration as Charles Darnay crossed the room to a grated door, where the jailer awaited him, and many voices—among which the soft and compassionate voices of women were conspicuous—gave him good wishes and encouragement. He turned at the grated door to render the thanks of his heart; it closed under the jailer's hand; and the apparitions vanished from his sight forever.

The wicket opened on a stone staircase, leading upward. When they had ascended forty steps (the prisoner of half an hour already counted them), the jailer opened a low, black door, and they passed into a solitary cell. It struck cold and damp, but was not dark.

"Yours," said the jailer.

"Why am I confined alone?"

"How do I know!"

"I can buy pen, ink, and paper?"

"Such are not my orders. You will be visited, and can ask them. At present, you may buy your food, and nothing more."

There were in the cell a chair, a table, and a straw mattress. As the jailer made a general inspection of these objects, and of the four walls, before going out, a wandering fancy wandered through the mind of the prisoner leaning against the wall opposite to him, that this jailer was so unwholesomely bloated, both in face and person, as to look like a man who had been drowned and filled with water. When the jailer was gone, he thought, in the same wandering way, "Now am I left, as if I were dead." Stopping then to look down at the mattress, he turned from it with a sick feeling, and thought, "And here in these crawling creatures is the first condition of the body after death."

"Five paces by four and a half, five paces by four and a half, five paces by four and a half." The prisoner walked to and fro in his cell, counting its measurement, and the roar of the city arose like muffled drums with a wild swell of voices added to them. "He made shoes, he made shoes, he made shoes." The prisoner counted the measurement again, and paced faster, to draw his mind with him from that latter repetition. "The ghosts that vanished when the wicket closed. There was one among them, the appearance of a lady dressed in black, who was leaning in the embrasure of a window, and she had a light shining upon her golden hair, and she looked like * * * * Let us ride on again, for God's sake, through the illuminated villages with the people all awake! * * * * He made shoes, he made shoes, he made shoes. * * * * Five paces by four and a half." With such scraps tossing and rolling upward from the depths of his mind, the prisoner walked faster and faster, obstinately counting and counting; and the roar of the city changed to this extent—that it still rolled in like muffled drums, but with the wail of voices that he knew, in the swell that rose above them.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the two following anecdotes:

"'A gentleman on the Harlem train this morning, after reading Mr. Meriam's article on the recent 'Northern Lights,' turned to a gentleman sitting behind him and remarked, 'Mr. Meriam says that the Aurora Borealis were *threads* of light, and that he once picked up a piece and kept it.'

"The gentleman behind replied, 'I presume Mr. Meriam wants to get the public on a *string*.'"

"The same gentleman soon began to entertain his acquaintance with the recital of a dog fight. Referring to the recent cool mornings, he said that he was aroused at 5 o'clock on the previous morning by a confused and angry noise under his window. Thinking that his dog, which he described as a severe and powerful animal, was engaged in ridding the premises of some cats which had previously annoyed him, he got up and went to the window, when he saw his dog assailed by two others, one a vicious terrier and the other a large Newfoundland dog. He threw on his pantaloons, and thrust his feet into a pair of slippers and went down to take care of his big dog. On arriving he found the terrier disposed of, and on his approach he said the Newfoundland dog began to run, but his dog was clinging to the throat of his adversary, in which close proximity to his vital organs the Newfoundland dog dragged him at least three hundred yards. The gentleman behind listened patiently to his story, and when finished, replied dryly, that he must have caught a severe sore throat."

An exchange says, "Mr. Thomas Clark has laid upon our table a hen's egg measuring 6¼ inches in circumference one way, and 9 inches the other. Can any one beat that?"

Will our exchange inform us whether Mr. Clark is a Shanghai or a Cochin China? or, perhaps the editor is trying to make *game* of him.

They tell a good story of Hallam and Rogers. The poet said,

"How do you do, Hallam?"
"Do what?"
"Why, how do you find yourself?"
"I never lose myself."
"Well, how have you been?"
"Been—where?"
"Pshaw! how do you feel?"
"Feel me and see."
"Good-morning, Hallam."
"It's not a good morning."
Rogers could say no more.

"John, did you ever bet on a horse-race?"

"No; but I've seen my sister Bet on an old mare."

"Much remains unsung," as the tom-cat remarked to the brickbat, when it abruptly cut short his serenade.

ARTEMAS WARD'S COURTING EXPERIENCE.

"'Twas a carm still nite in Joon, when all natur was husht, & nary a Zeffer distributed the serene silense. I sot with the objek of mi hart's affeckshuns on the fence of her daddy's pastur. I had experiunsed a hankerin arter hur fer sum time, but darsunt proclame my pashun, wall we sot thar on the fence a swingin of our feet 2 & frow & blushing as red as the Ridingville skule houce when it was first painted, & lookin very cimpul, I make no dowt. Mi left arm was okupide in ballansin myself on the fence, while my rite arm was woond affeckshunitly round Suzanner's waste. Sez I, 'Suzanner, I thinks very much of yu.' Sez she, 'How you do run on.' Sez I, 'I wish thare was winders to mi sole soz yu cood see sum of mi feelins,' & I side deeply. I pawsed here, but as she made no reply to it, I continued on in the following strane: 'Ar, cood yer know the sleeplis nites I parse on yer account, how vittles has seast tu be attractive tu me, & how mi limbs is shrunk up, ye woodn't dowt me not by no means. Gaze on this wastid form & these sonken ize,' I cride, jumpin up. I shood have continured sum time longer probly, but unfortunitely I lost mi balunse & fell over into the pastur ker smash, tarin my close & severely damagin myself generally. Suzanner sprung to mi assistance and dragged me 4th in dubble quick time.—Then drawin herself up 2 her full hite, sed: 'I won't listen to yer noncents eny longer. Jest yu sa rite out what you're drivin at. If yu meen gittin hitched I'm in.'"

Marriage has recently been defined as "a prodigal desire on the part of a young man to pay some young woman's board."

N. P. Willis, in his play of "Tortesa, the Usurer," makes one of his characters say, that "ever since the flood water has had the taste of sinners," therefore he preferred wine. He probably obtained this droll idea from a German poet, whose lines are translated thus:

"Then to the Lord old Noah said,
'The water now tastes very bad,
Because there have been drowned therein,
All beasts, and mankind, in their sin—
'Tis therefore, Lord, I even think
I would prefer some other drink.'"

"Joe, why were you out so late last night?"

"It wasn't so very late—only a quarter of twelve."

"How dare you sit there and tell me that lie? I was awake when you came, and looked at my watch—it was three o'clock."

"Well, isn't three a quarter of twelve?"

A friend, alluding to the recent European War, was arguing a few days since, says the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, that the world, instead of growing better and better, was on the retrograde—constantly augmenting its stock of wickedness. His remarks were answered by a Christian full of hope, arguing that the time is not far distant when peace and good-will shall reign supreme—when the "lion and the lamb shall lie down together." The other, not fully appreciating the feelings and hopes of his friend, remarked: "The time *may* come when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together; but," he added as a clencher, "you'll find, in that event, *the lamb is inside of the lion*."

"Doctor," said a gentleman to a physician, "my daughter had a fit this morning, and continued for half an hour without knowledge."

"Oh!" replied the other, "never mind that; many people continue so *all their lives!*"

One of the broadest hints to pop the question which it is possible for a young lady to give a young gentleman is to declare to him her intention of never marrying.

Bill was reputed to be a very *hard* drinker. People were in error touching this point, and in order to remove such an unjust aspersion he invited C—— to go to the nearest coffee-house. Arriving there Bill poured out a full glass of "red eye," and turning to his friend, remarked, "C——, you've heard that I am a *hard* drinker; in fact, it is notorious; and in order to disabuse the public mind please notice me." Emptying the contents of the glass into his capacious rectifying establishment with a "smile" in his eye, he looked full in C——'s face and concluded with, "Now did yer ever see any thing go down *easier* in yer life?"

"Can't you credit me, Mr. Butcher, for a little meat this morning?"

"No, you owe me for that already on your bones."

"You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor.

"Yes," he replied, "but you don't know how difficult that is."

Isn't it singular that an ill-natured shop-keeper should ever offer to sell his good-will, when all the world knows he hasn't any?

A theoretically benevolent man, on being asked by a friend to lend him a sovereign, answered him, briskly, "With pleasure;" but suddenly added, "Dear me, how unfortunate! I've only one sovereign, and it is out."

A few days since, while visiting a friend in the country, I was teaching a little dog to jump from the roof of a spring-house to the ground. The dog was timid, and stood near the edge of the roof wagging his tail and looking wistfully at the ground, but "feared to launch away," when Clara A——, the four-year-old owner of the dog, said,

"'If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again,' Tarry!"

If a relative promises to convey property to me, but, dying, only mentions the intent in his testament, must I take the will for the deed?

Passing through the county Court-house, Mr. B—— says, "I spied a notice sticking up near the water jar, a copy of which (notice, not jar) I send you as a (particular, not general) specimen of the way in which some Missouri Deputy Sheriffs 'do up things:'

"'NOTICE.

"'Gentleman will pleas not Leave the diper in the Jar as there is a nail in doore frame to Hung it up.'"

A person pretending to have seen a ghost, was asked what the apparition said to him. "How should I know," he replied, "I am not skilled in the dead languages!"

There is many a good wife who can neither dance nor sing well.

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